A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL™
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BUCKAROO BANZAI™

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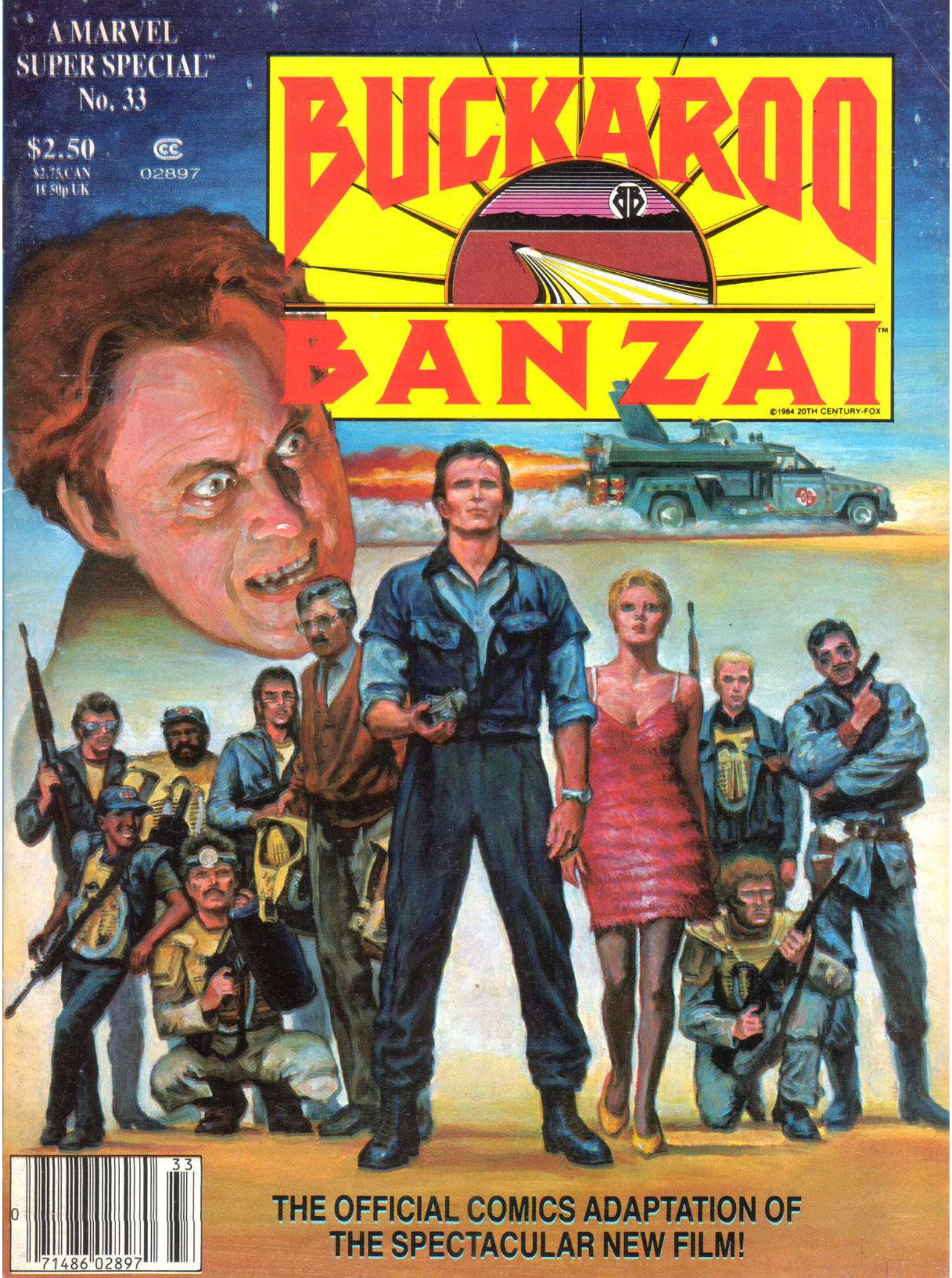

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF THE SPECTACULAR NEW FILM!

33
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STAN LEE PRESENTS
A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL MAGAZINE
THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF

SHERWOOD PRODUCTIONS Presents
A Sidney Beckerman Production

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Based on the film starring
PETER WELLER, JOHN LITHGOW, ELLEN BARKIN, JEFF GOLDBLUM, CHRISTOPHER LLOYD

Executive Producer **SIDNEY BECKERMAN**
Producers **NEIL CANTON, W.D. RICHTER**
Director **W.D. RICHTER**
Writer **EARL MAC RAUCH**

SHERWOOD PRODUCTIONS, INC.

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BUCKAROO BANZAI
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TODAY, THIRTY YEARS LATER...
THIS IS MISSION CONTROL. WE ARE AT T-MINUS FIVE HUNDRED AND COUNTING. PHASER POSITIVE. FUEL PRESSURE, 1800 TORRS. OXYGENATION STEADY.
BF GOODE

IMPASSIVE, A MUCH OLDER PROF. TOICHI HIKITA STANDS UNPERTURBED BY THE CHAOS ATTENDANT UPON THE LAUNCHING OF HIS 1984-MODEL JET CAR...

BANZAI ISN'T GOING TO SHOW, MR. SECRETARY! LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT COLD FEET!

YOU'RE KIDDING?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE'S NOT HERE?? WHERE IS HE??

STILL IN THE HOSPITAL, MR. DEFENSE SECRETARY McKINLEY.

EXIT

SET RUN

COUNT DOWN

IN THE MIDST OF THE MAYHEM, THE HONG KONG CAVALIERS SIT AMUSED BY THE ANXIETY THE ABSENCE OF THEIR LEADER IS CAUSING THE TOP BRASS...

BETTER SEE WHAT'S KEEPING THE BOSS, RENO.

WHY ME?

'CAUSE I'M BUSY!

ELSEWHERE...

RINNGG

GET THAT FOR ME-- WON'T YOU, RAWHIDE?

BUCKAROO, AH NEED AN ESTIMATE. THEY'RE GETTIN' ANTSY OVER AT MISSION CONTROL.

GIVE ME ANOTHER TEN MINUTES DOWN HERE, RAWHIDE.

WILL DO, BOSS.

UNBELIEVABLE! WHERE DOES THE MAN FIND ENOUGH HOURS IN THE DAY?

WE HELP.

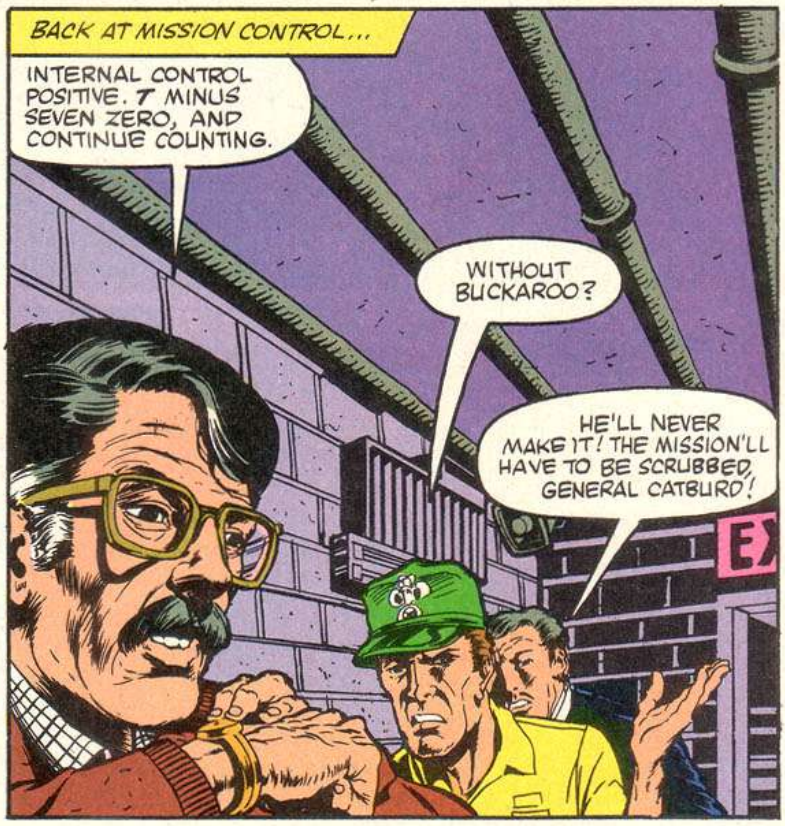
THE CHIEF NEEDS TEN MORE. I'VE GOT THE CHOPPER WAITIN'. DON'T START WITHOUT US!

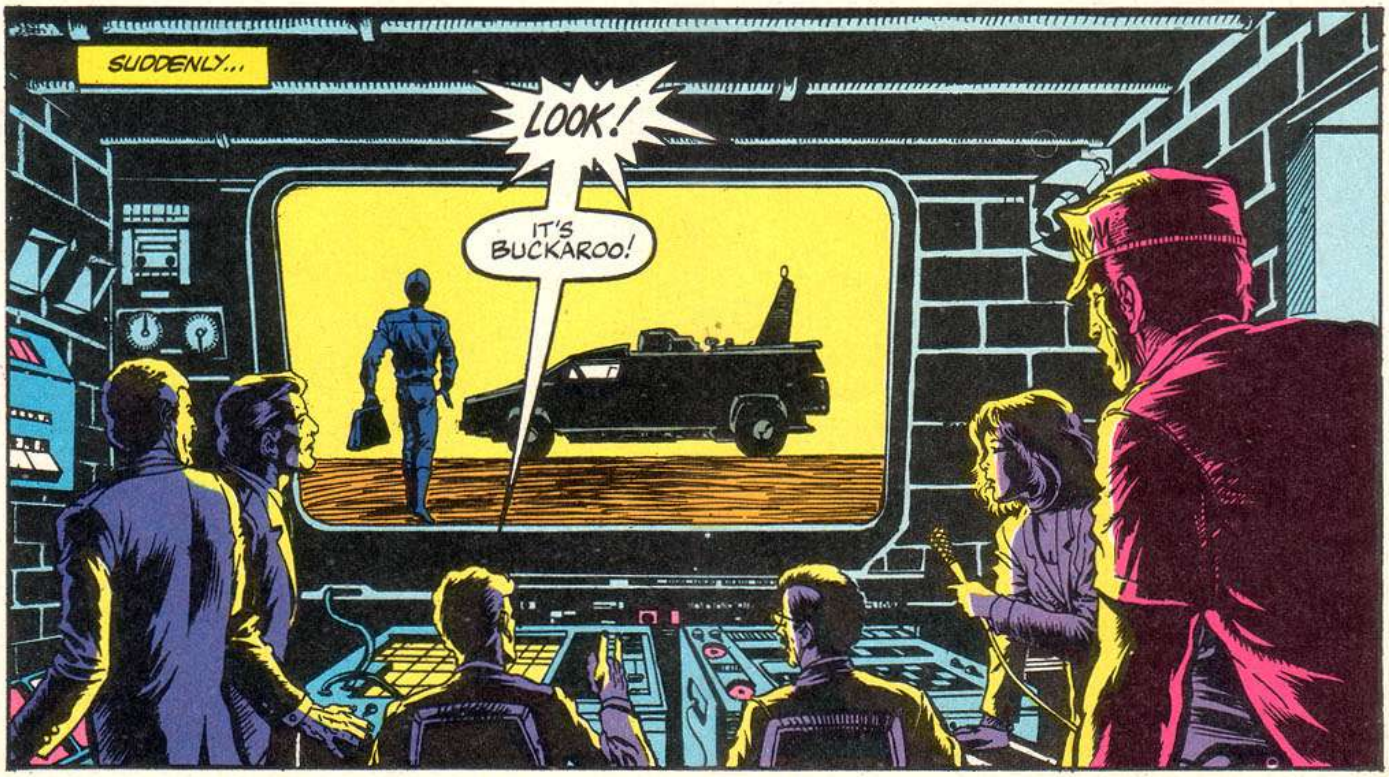
SONY

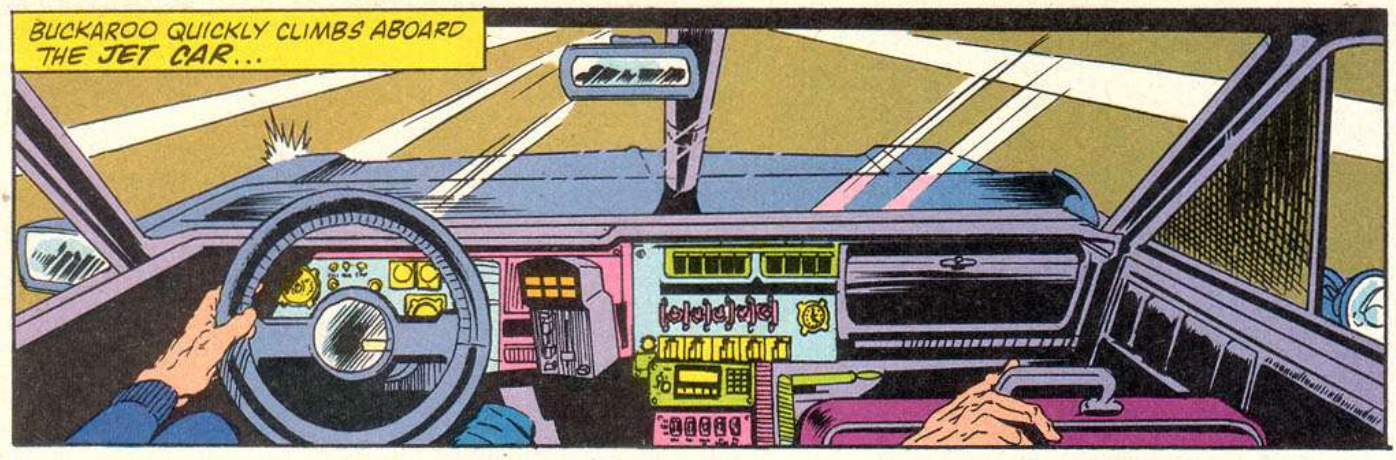
FUNNY MAN!

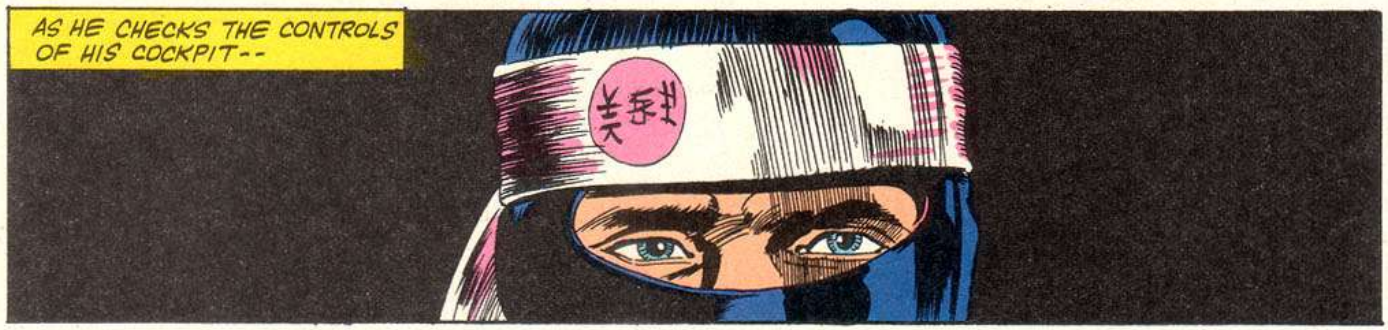
...SO YOU SEE, BY USING A LASER TO FUSE ARTIFICIAL NERVE FIBRE TO THE ORIGINAL, I'VE MANAGED TO BYPASS MASSIVE STROKE DAMAGE. AN IMPLANTED SUBCUTANEOUS MICROPHONE IS GOING TO ALLOW THE PATIENT TO TRANSMIT VERBAL INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS OWN BRAIN. SINCE HE'S AN ESKIMO, THE COMMANDS'LL PROBABLY BE SOMETHIN' LIKE: "THROW THE HARPOON..."
KLIK
RIGHT... I SEE! LOOK, I'M SORRY, CALLING FOR HELP IN THE MIDDLE OF AN OPERATION... BUT I JUST LOST MY NERVE... I PANICKED...

YOU'VE GOT THE GOD-GIVEN TOOLS TO BE A SUCCESS IN ANY FIELD OF ENDEAVOR, DR. ZWIBEL. EVER THINK OF JOINING ME FULL-TIME?
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
CAN YOU SING?
NO, BUT I CAN DANCE!
READY TO LAUNCH, BUCKAROO?


BACK AT MISSION CONTROL...
INTERNAL CONTROL POSITIVE. T MINUS SEVEN ZERO, AND CONTINUE COUNTING.
WITHOUT BUCKAROO?
HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! THE MISSION'LL HAVE TO BE SCRUBBED, GENERAL CATBURD!
EX

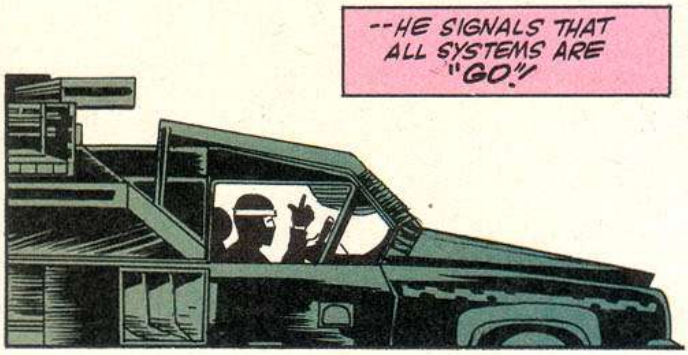

SUDDENLY...
LOOK!
IT'S BUCKAROO!

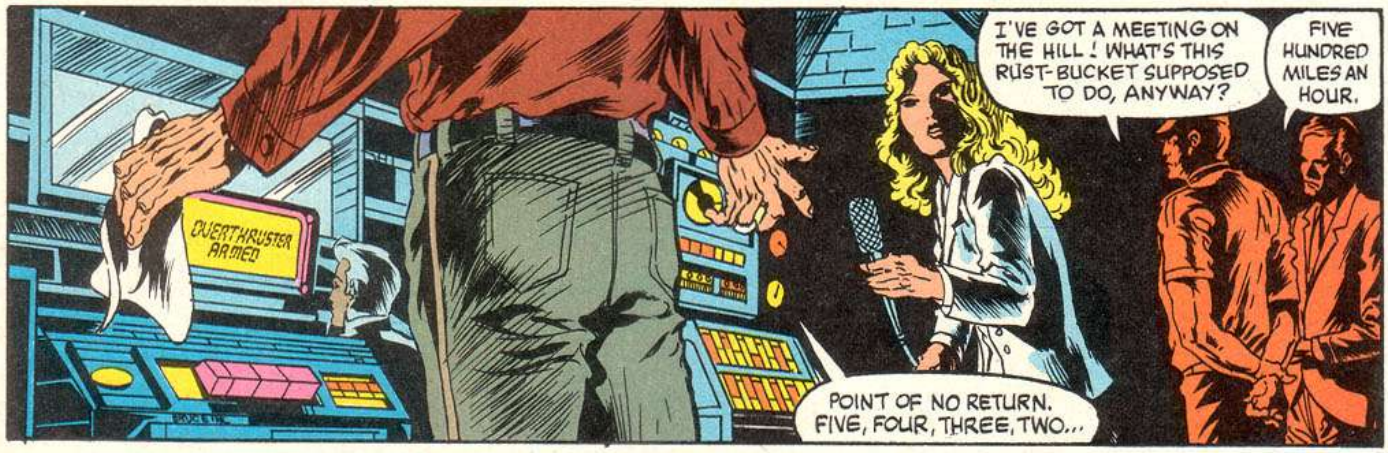

BUCKAROO QUICKLY CLIMBS ABOARD THE JET CAR...


AS HE CHECKS THE CONTROLS OF HIS COCKPIT--

--HE QUICKLY REMOVES A STRANGE DEVICE FROM HIS BRIEFCASE!

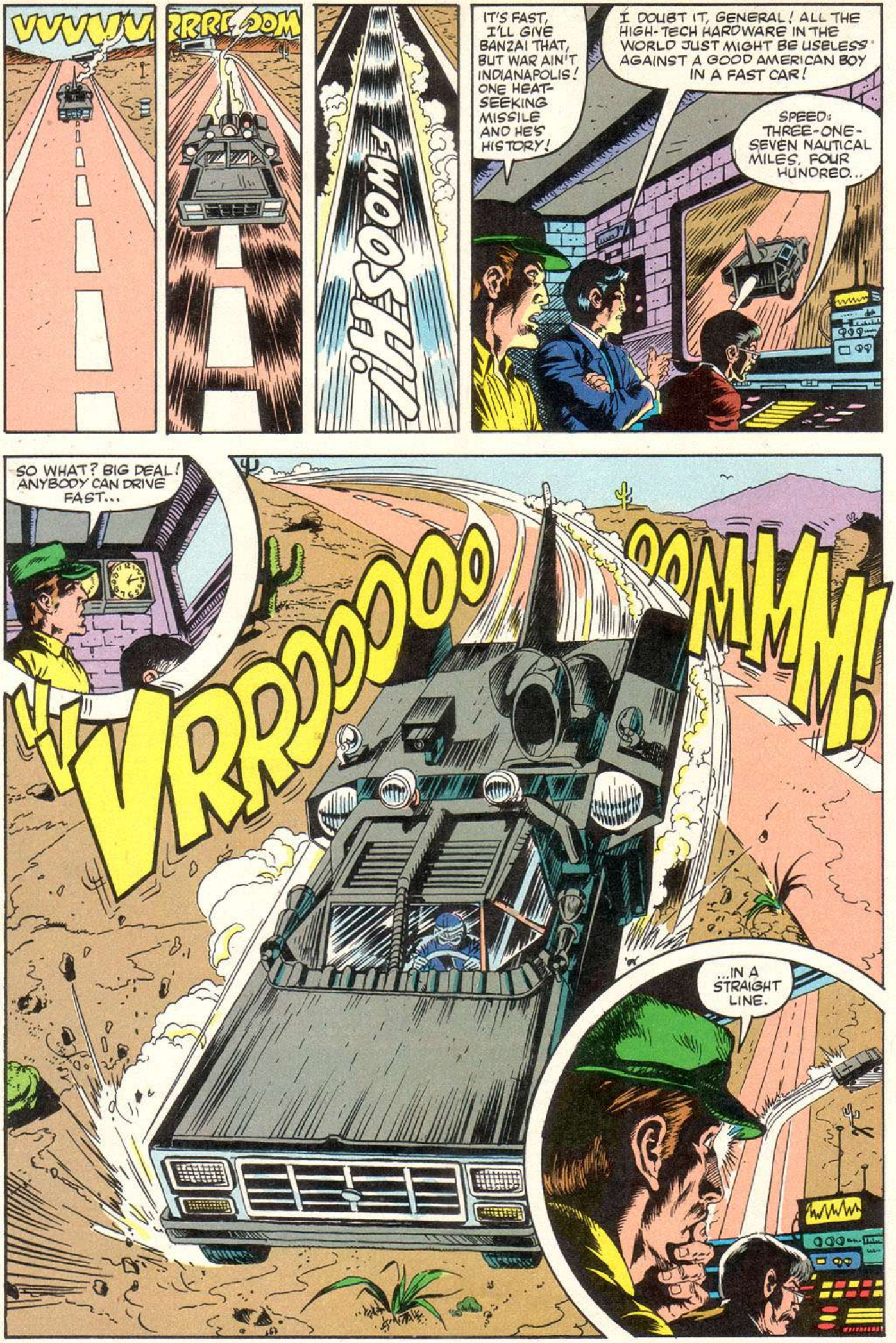
SNAPPING IT INTO A SPECIAL CRADLE--

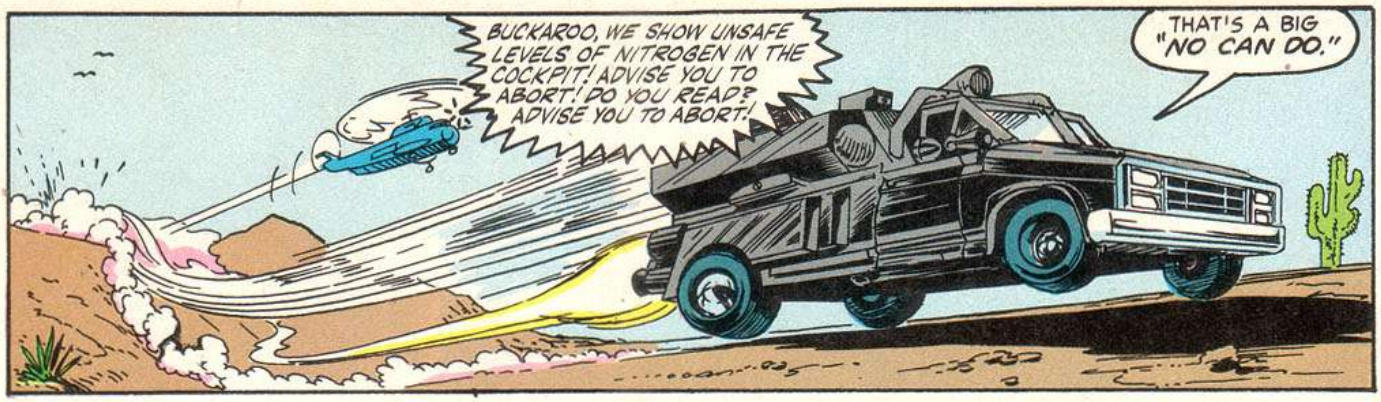

--HE SIGNALS THAT ALL SYSTEMS ARE "GO."!

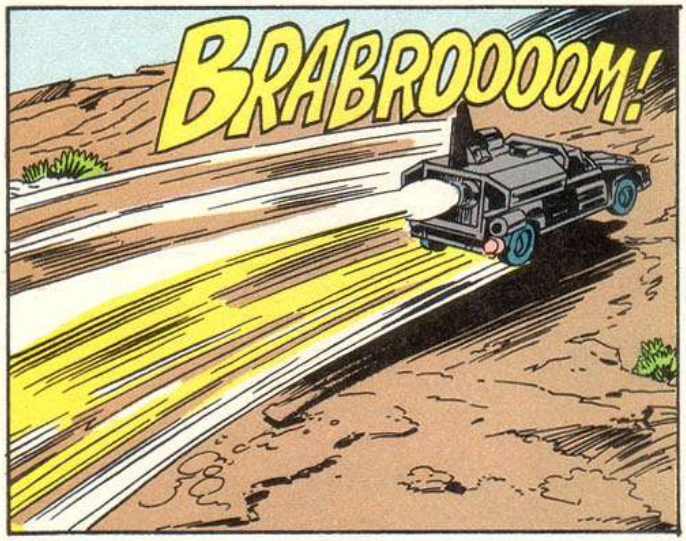

QUERT'HRUSTER ARMED
I'VE GOT A MEETING ON THE HILL! WHAT'S THIS RUST-BUCKET SUPPOSED TO DO, ANYWAY?
FIVE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.
POINT OF NO RETURN. FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO...

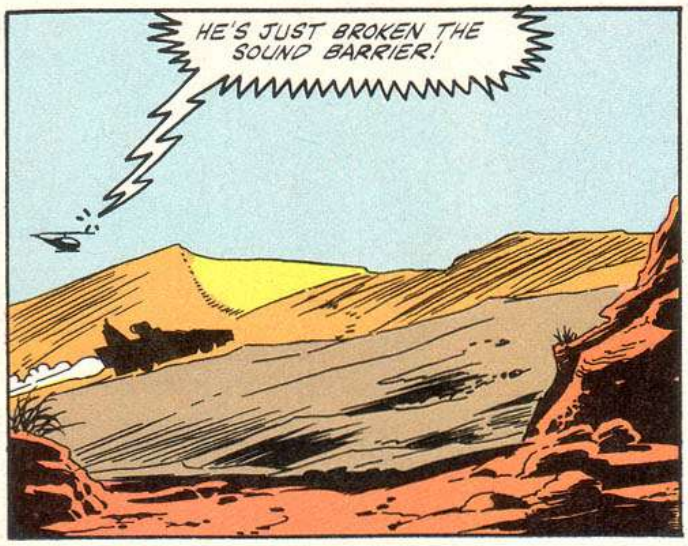
...ONE!!

VRROARRR

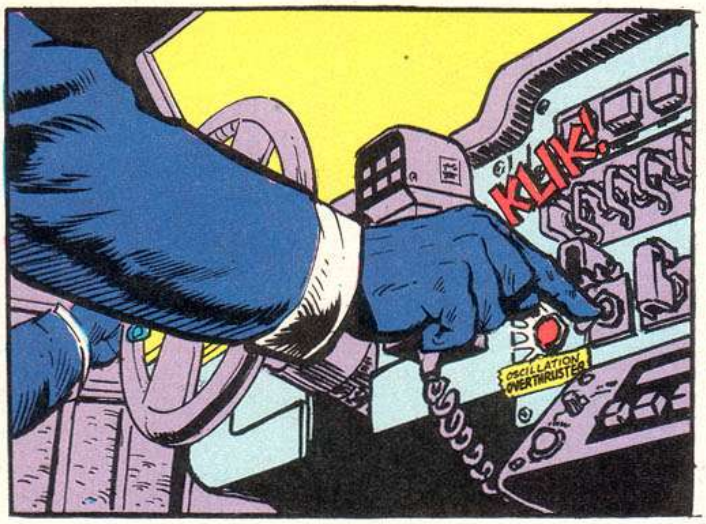

VVVVVV
RRRROOM
WOOSH!
IT'S FAST, I'LL GIVE BANZAI THAT, BUT WAR AIN'T INDIANAPOLIS! ONE HEAT-SEEKING MISSILE AND HE'S HISTORY!
I DOUBT IT, GENERAL! ALL THE HIGH-TECH HARDWARE IN THE WORLD JUST MIGHT BE USELESS AGAINST A GOOD AMERICAN BOY IN A FAST CAR!
SPEED: THREE-ONE-SEVEN NAUTICAL MILES, FOUR HUNDRED...
SO WHAT? BIG DEAL! ANYBODY CAN DRIVE FAST...
VRROOOOO
OOMMM!
...IN A STRAIGHT LINE.

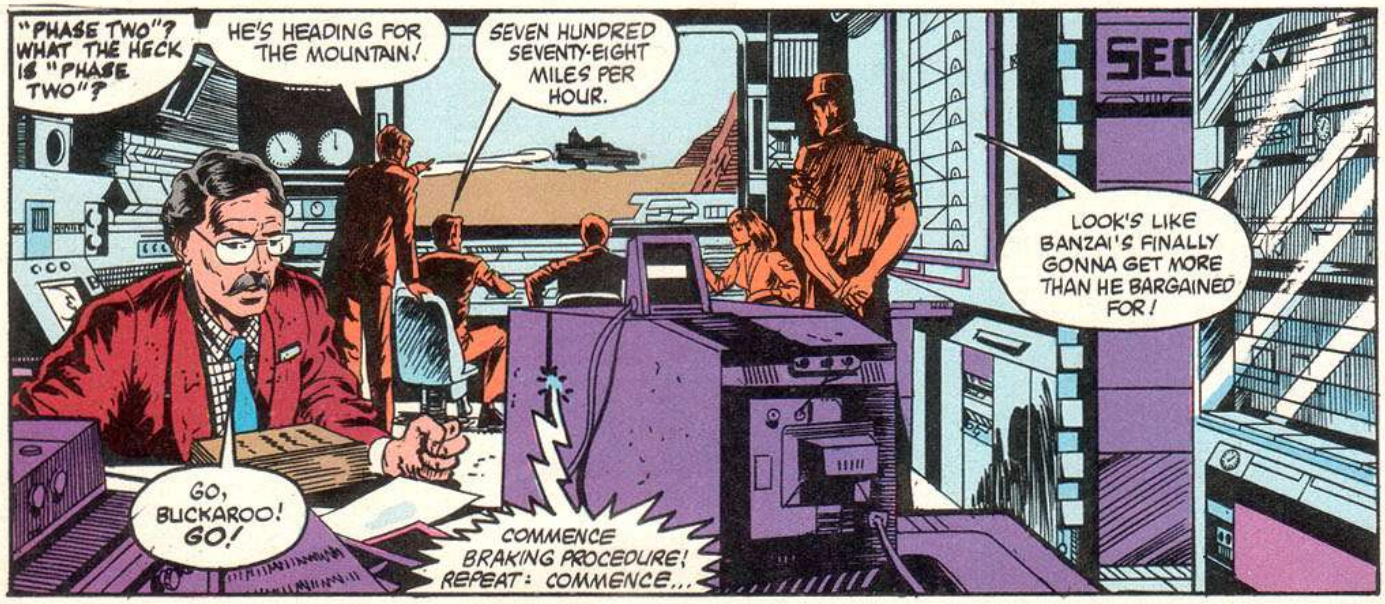

BUCKAROO, WE SHOW UNSAFE LEVELS OF NITROGEN IN THE COCKPIT! ADVISE YOU TO ABORT! DO YOU READ? ADVISE YOU TO ABORT!
THAT'S A BIG "NO CAN DO."

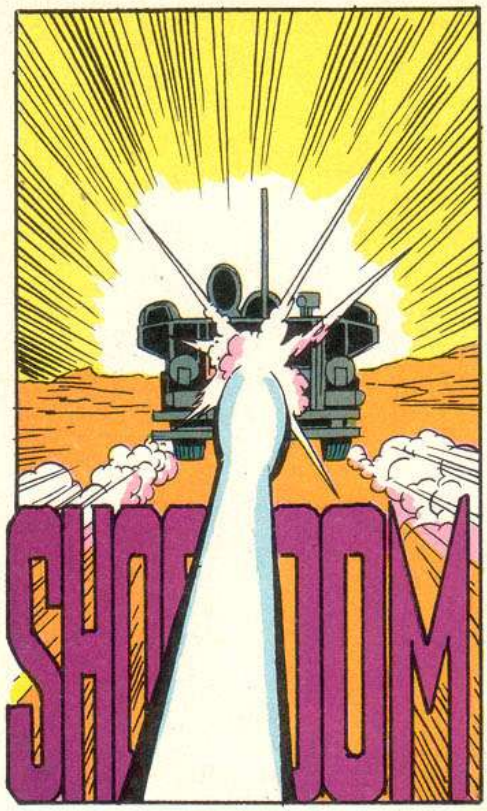

BRABROOOOM!


HE'S JUST BROKEN THE SOUND BARRIER!

I AM READY TO COMMENCE PHASE TWO.

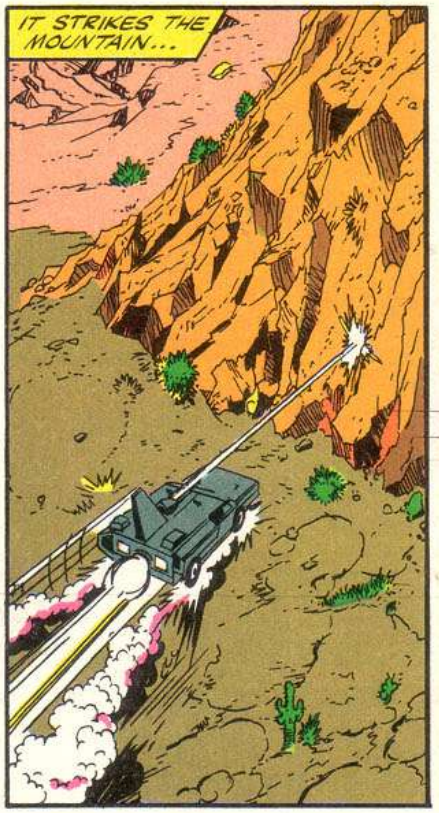

KLIK!
OSCILLATION OVERTHRUSTER


"PHASE TWO"? WHAT THE HECK IS "PHASE TWO"?
HE'S HEADING FOR THE MOUNTAIN!
SEVEN HUNDRED SEVENTY-EIGHT MILES PER HOUR.
LOOK'S LIKE BANZAI'S FINALLY GONNA GET MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR!
GO, BUCKAROO! GO!
COMMENCE BRAKING PROCEDURE! REPEAT: COMMENCE...

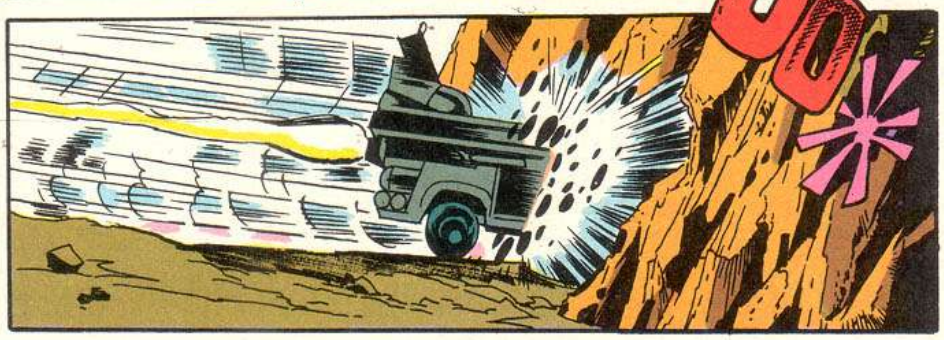

SHO DOM

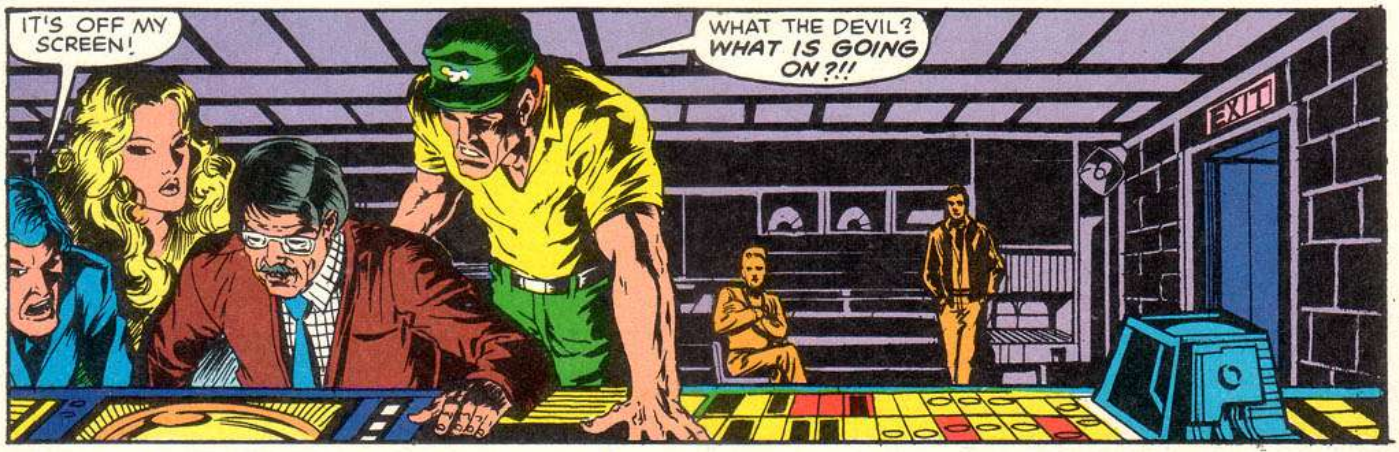
NOW--!

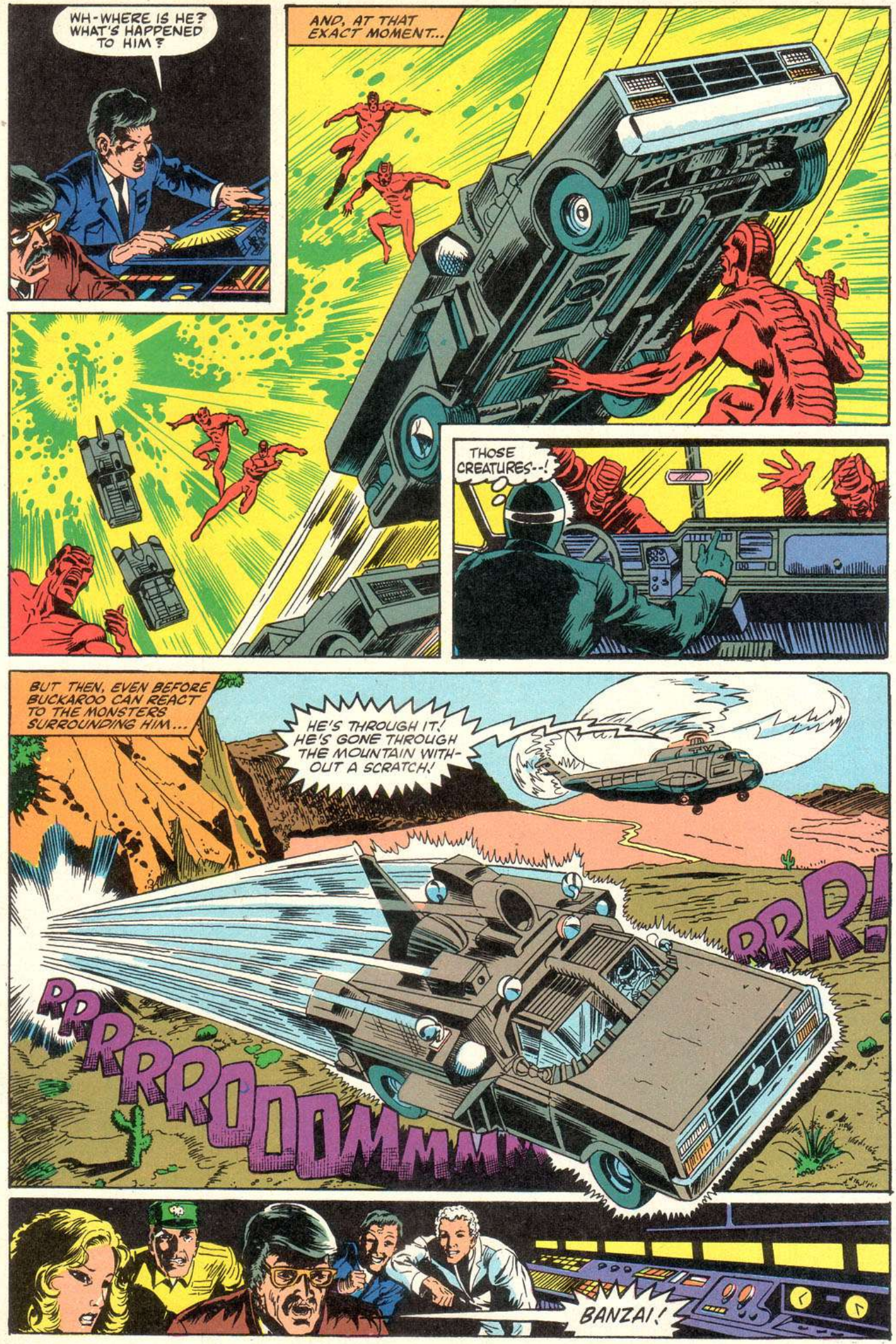
SUDDENLY, A BEAM OF LIGHT BURSTS FROM THE JET CAR...


IT STRIKES THE MOUNTAIN...

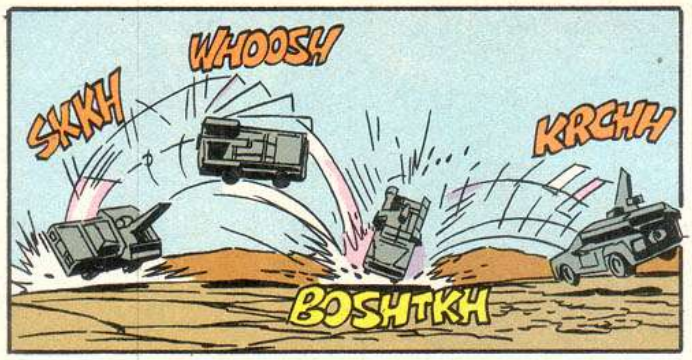
...AND THEN--
VRRCOOOOO*

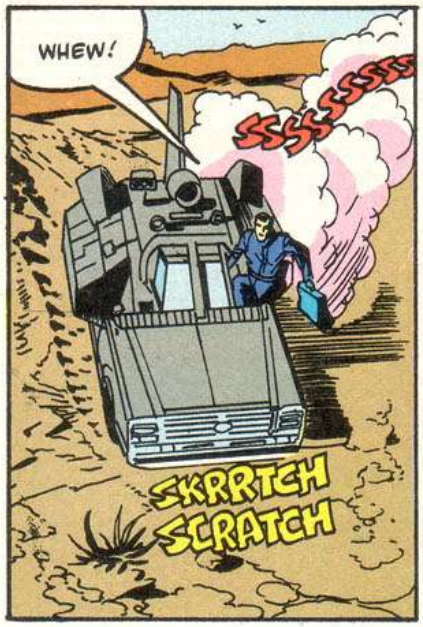



IT'S OFF MY SCREEN!
WHAT THE DEVIL? WHAT IS GOING ON?!!
EXIT


WH-WHERE IS HE? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
AND, AT THAT EXACT MOMENT...
THOSE CREATURES--!
BUT THEN, EVEN BEFORE BUCKAROO CAN REACT TO THE MONSTERS SURROUNDING HIM...
HE'S THROUGH IT! HE'S GONE THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN WITHOUT A SCRATCH!
RRR!
RRRRROOOMMMM
BANZAI!

GOING TOO FAST FOR EMERGENCY 'CHUTE STOP! I'M GONNA TRY AN' LAY HER SIDEWAYS!
SKREE
BASH


WHOOSH
SKKH
KRCHH
BOSHTKH


WHEW!
SSSS SSSS
SKRRTCH
SCRATCH

EVEN AS HE UNWRAPS HIS LUNCH, A CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICH, BUCKAROO BEGINS INSPECTING HIS JET CAR FOR DAMAGE...
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING'S BENEATH THE CAR!

MOMENTS LATER...
SKCH
WHAT THE--?!
ALUMINUM FOIL IS USED AS A MAKESHIFT SAMPLE COLLECTOR FOR THE STRANGE CREATURE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE PRESIDENT'S NOT HOME?!
YOU TELL ME, BUCKAROO. WHAT TH' DEVIL IS THIS GOING-THROUGH-SOLID-MATTER-AND-RENDERING-ALL-CONVENTIONAL-DEFENSE-PERIMETERS-USELESS-OVERNIGHT-BULL--?
BUCKAROO, DID YOU SEE THEM? DID YOU?

SEE 'EM, PROFESSOR? THEY ABOUT HAD ME AND THE WHOLE BLAMED CAR FOR BREAKFAST. ALMOST BROKE THROUGH MY WINDSHIELD.
THE CREATURES? THEY ATTACKED YOU?
THEY TRIED TO POSSESS YOU?

GIMME THAT! BUCKAROO, CATBURD HERE! I GOT EGG ALL OVER MY FACE, BUT THAT'S OKAY! NO ROOM FOR EGOS HERE! WE'RE ALL AMERICANS, AND I WANNA BUY THAT THING OF YOURS--!

NOT FOR SALE!

THE NEWS OF BUCKAROO BANZAI'S STARTLING ACHIEVEMENT TRAVELS FAST.
TRENTON HOME
FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE

... AND SO I GOTTA ASK YOU GUYS, RAWHIDE, RENO, PERFECT TOMMY, AS MEMBERS OF BUCKAROO BANZAI'S HONG KONG CAVALIERS -- WERE YOU SURPRISED WHEN HE SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE SIDE OF THAT MOUNTAIN?
NOPE! THAT'S BUCKAROO FOR YA!
VOL

THE OVER-THRUSTER!
THE OVER-THRUSTER!
ENGLISH 101
MATH NO. 7
EINSTEINS THEORY OF
WHAT IS GOD

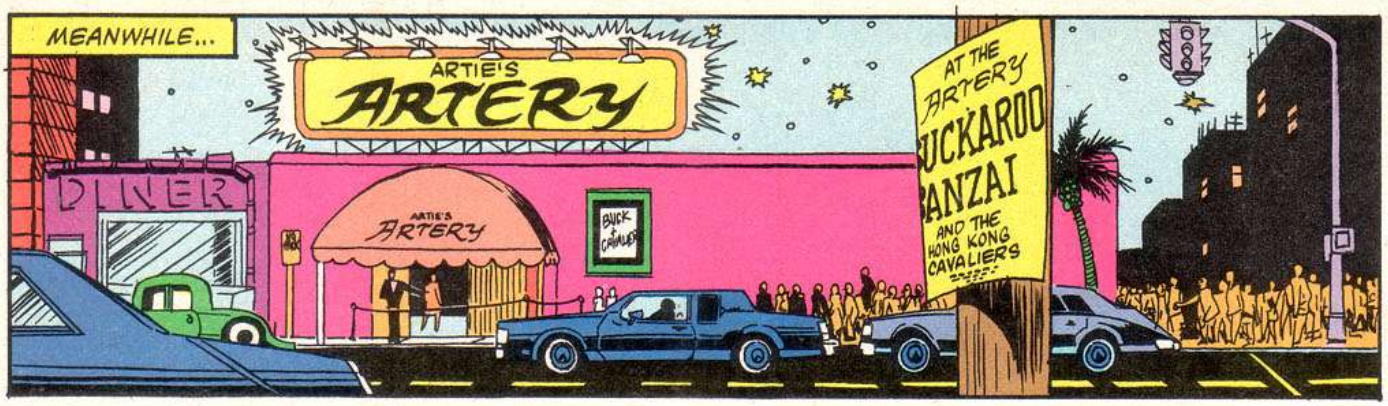
IT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN THE OVERTHRUSTER!
GOD,
EVEN AS THE STRANGE FIGURE BEGINS SCRIBBLING MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS ON HIS BLACKBOARD, HE REMOVES A CRUDE ELECTRIC DEVICE FROM BENEATH HIS PILLOW...

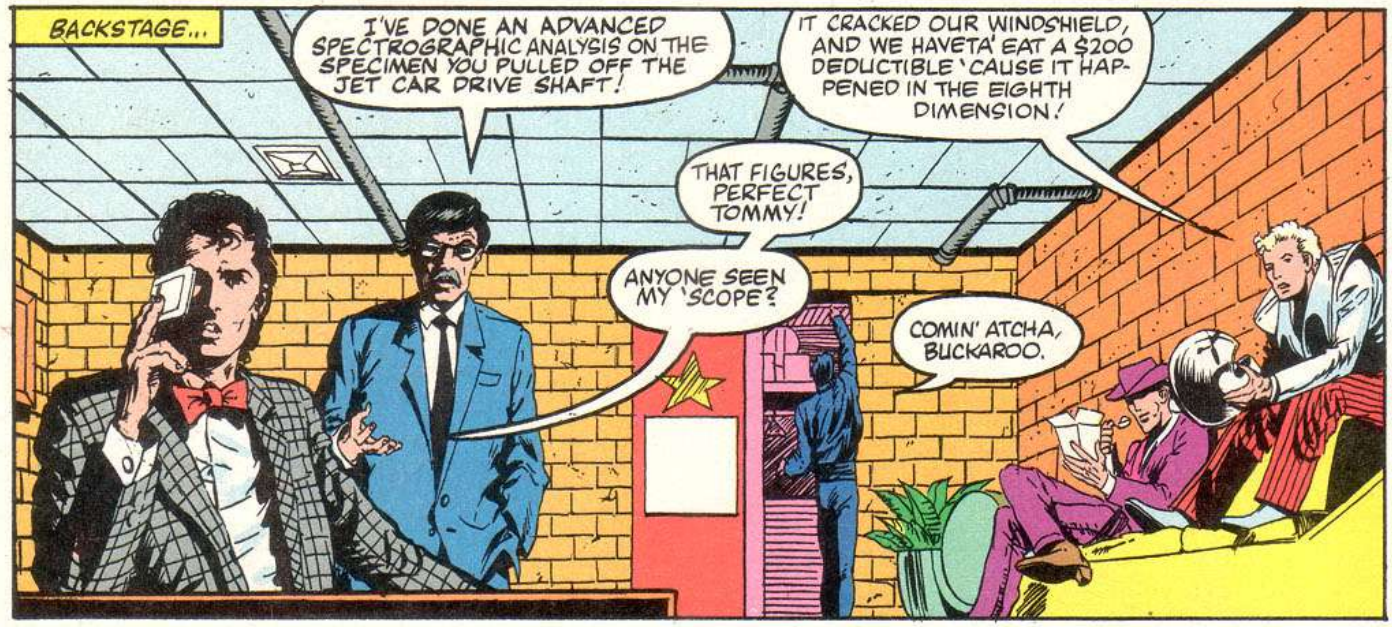
ATTACHING THE UNEARTHLY GADGET TO HIMSELF, THE DERANGED DR. EMILIO LIZARDO STIMULATES A FAMILIAR FLOW OF MEMORIES--

--CASTING HIM BACK FORTY-SIX YEARS EARLIER, TO A STRANGE, EXPERIMENT IN AN ABANDONED WICKER FACTORY.

ASSISTING DR. LIZARDO WAS A MUCH-YOUNGER PROFESSOR TOICHI HIKITA, YEARS BEFORE HIS ILL-FATED EXPERIMENTS LED TO THE DEATH OF BUCKAROO BANZAI'S PARENTS.
ALMOST READY, DR. LIZARDO.
THE OVERTHRUSTER IS WORKING! I CAN FEEL IT SOFTENING THIS WALL!
ALMOST READY...
THEN... BEGIN!
SZRRT SKRIT VRZZT
NO! NOT YET! NOT YET!
MORE POWER!
MORE! MORE!
MORE!!
THE WICKER ROCKET-CHAIR SCREAMED DOWN THE RUNWAY UNTIL, TEN FEET FROM THE BRICK WALL, IT JARRED TO A SUDDEN SHATTERING HALT.
AND THEN...

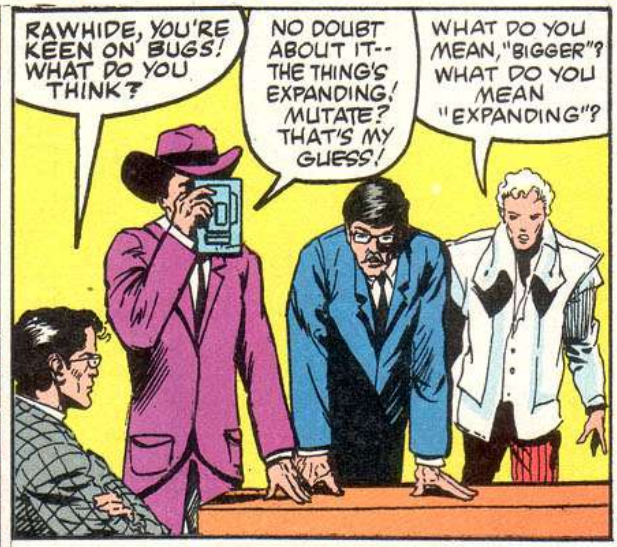
YEEAGH!!
LIZARDO HAS ENTERED... THE EIGHTH DIMENSION!! THOSE CREATURES -- I CAN SEE THEM ATTACKING HIM!
THERE WAS AN ELECTRIC CRACK, AND DR. EMILIO LIZARDO RE-EMERGED FROM THE EIGHTH DIMENSION A CHANGED MAN.
GLEEAAGHHHH!
WELL, NOT EXACTLY A MAN.
RIP!
FLEEING INTO THE NIGHT, LIZARDO LEFT A STUNNED HIKITA IN HIS WAKE...
IN THE PRESENT, DR. LIZARDO ROUSES FROM HIS REVERY, AND DETACHES HIS DEVICE, AS AN ORDERLY ARRIVES...
I'VE COME FOR YOUR TV, LIZARDO! YOU BEEN USIN' TOO BLAMED MUCH JUICE...10,000 KILOWATTS AGAIN THIS MONTH!
BEATS ME HOW ONE OLD HOMICIDAL LOONEY COULD USE THAT MUCH POWER...
GO ON! TAKE IT, MONKEY BOY!
I DON'T CARE!
I'M GOING HOME! I MADE MY OWN OVER-THRUSTER, AND I'M GOING TO USE IT TO LEAVE THIS BACKWARD PLANET!


MEANWHILE...
ARTIE'S ARTERY
DINER
ARTIE'S ARTERY
BUCK & CAVALIERS
AT THE ARTERY
BUCKAROO BANZAI
AND THE HONG KONG CAVALIERS


BACKSTAGE...
I'VE DONE AN ADVANCED SPECTROGRAPHIC ANALYSIS ON THE SPECIMEN YOU PULLED OFF THE JET CAR DRIVE SHAFT!
IT CRACKED OUR WINDSHIELD, AND WE HAVETA' EAT A $200 DEDUCTIBLE 'CAUSE IT HAPPENED IN THE EIGHTH DIMENSION!
THAT FIGURES, PERFECT TOMMY!
ANYONE SEEN MY 'SCOPE?
COMIN' ATCHA, BUCKAROO.

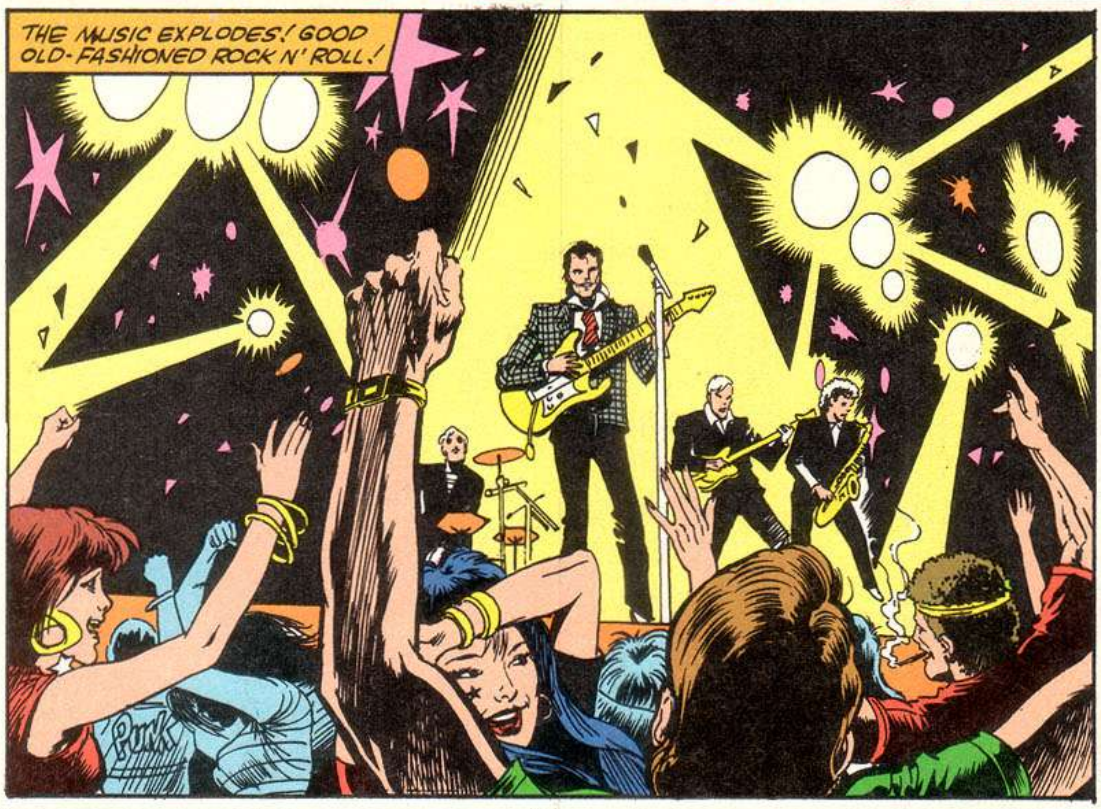
IS IT DEAD?

BY WHOSE STANDARDS? IT'S STILL A BETTER ELECTRICAL CONDUCTOR THAN COPPER, AND, IN SOME WAYS, IT CORRESPONDS CLOSELY TO THE CARAPACE OF AN ORDINARY PRAYING MANTIS.
IT LOOKS ORGANIC, BUT NON-CARBON BASED! AND I THINK IT'S BIGGER THAN IT WAS A SECOND AGO...

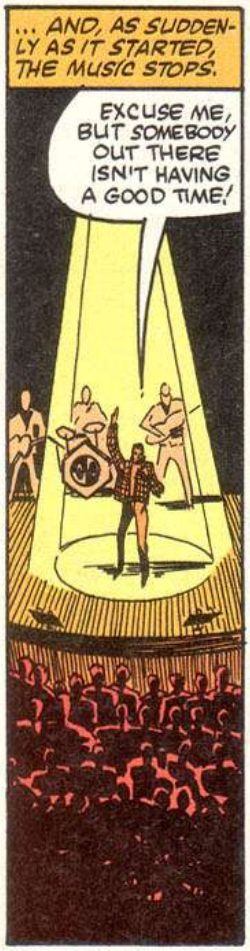

RAWHIDE, YOU'RE KEEN ON BUGS! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT-- THE THING'S EXPANDING! MUTATE? THAT'S MY GUESS!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "BIGGER"? WHAT DO YOU MEAN "EXPANDING"?

IT'S ALIVE!
ALIVE?

MOMENTS LATER...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ARTIE'S ARTERY IS PROUD TO PRESENT, FOR A SINGLE NIGHT ONLY... NEW BRUNSWICK'S OWN...
...THE ONE, THE ONLY, THE AMAZING BUCKAROO BANZAI AND HIS HONG KONG CAVALIERS!
ARTIE'S
ARTERY


THE MUSIC EXPLODES! GOOD OLD-FASHIONED ROCK N' ROLL!
PUNK

BUT NOT EVERYONE DANCES TO THE BEAT...
SOB SOB SNIFF!
VAT 69 GOLD


... AND, AS SUDDENLY AS IT STARTED, THE MUSIC STOPS.
EXCUSE ME, BUT SOMEBODY OUT THERE ISN'T HAVING A GOOD TIME!

HERE. HERE AT THE BACK. SORRY... OH, THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING...WHY DO YOU CARE IF I'M CRYING? WHY DOES ANYBODY CARE?
VAT 69 GOLD

SOMEBODY GET HER A MIKE.
LISTEN, I CARE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

PENNY.

DID YOU SAY... PEGGY?!

MY NAME IS PENNY! PENNY PRIDDY! I'M A NOBODY! PLEASE GO ON WITH THE SHOW!
VAT 69 GOLD

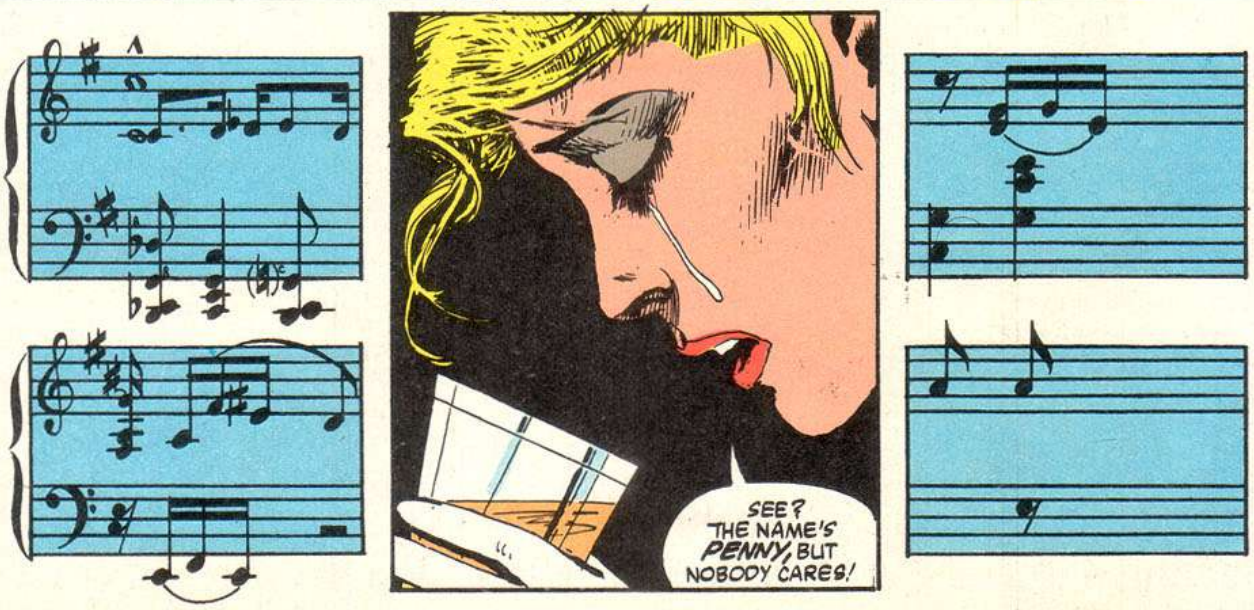
NOBODY'S A NOBODY.

AFTER ALL THIS TIME, HE NOTICES ME! I MUST'VE BEEN TO A HUNDRED OF HIS SHOWS!

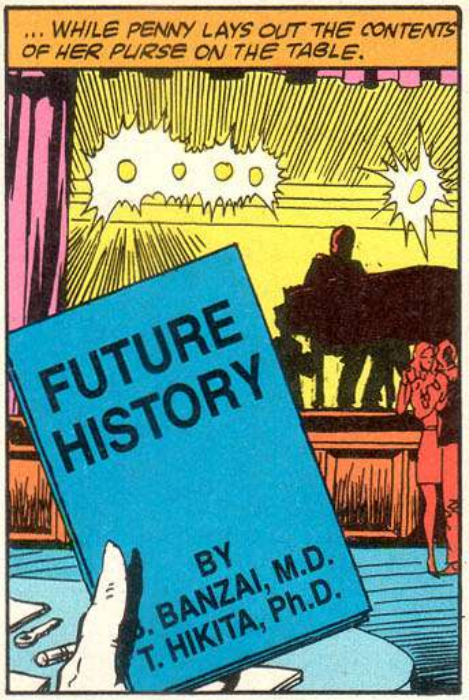
I CAN'T HEAR YOU! HOLD THE MIKE CLOSER! WHY ARE YOU CRYING? WHAT'S WRONG?

GIVE ME A BREAK! I JUST SPONGED UP TOO MUCH VAT 69, OKAY? I'M DOWN TO MY LAST NICKEL IN THIS LOUSY TOWN! BUT THAT'S COOL! NO BIG DEAL.
HEY, HEY, DON'T BE MEAN! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE MEAN! 'CAUSE REMEMBER...

... NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO, THERE YOU ARE!
THIS SONG'S FOR PEGGY! AND ANYBODY ELSE A LITTLE DOWN ON THEIR LUCK!

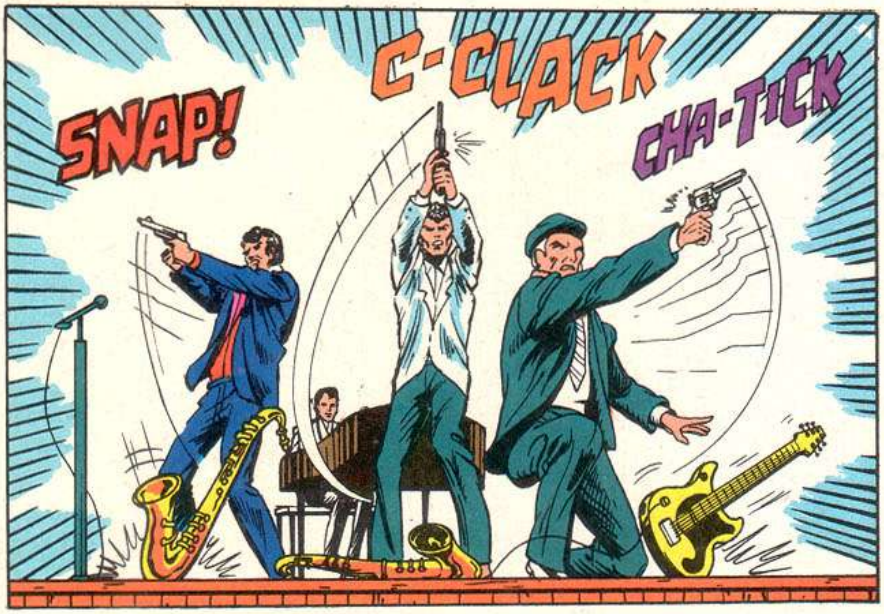

SEE? THE NAME'S PENNY, BUT NOBODY CARES!

BUCKAROO EXCHANGES HIS GUITAR FOR A PIANO, AND BEGINS TO CROON A SLOW LOVE SONG FOR PENNY...


... WHILE PENNY LAYS OUT THE CONTENTS OF HER PURSE ON THE TABLE.
FUTURE HISTORY
BY
. BANZAI, M.D.
T. HIKITA, Ph.D.

AND THEN...
AFTER THE FIRST DEATH, THERE IS NO OTHER!

KAPOW!
NO!


SNAP!
C-CLACK
CHA-TICK

LET ME GO, LET ME GO, YOU CREEPS! I MISSED!

BLUE BLAZE IRREGULARS, THOSE DEDICATED FOLLOWERS OF BUCKAROO, INSTANTLY APPEAR AND CARRY THE STRUGGLING PENNY PRIDDY AWAY...
EXIT

... BUT NOT OUT OF THE MEMORY OF BUCKAROO BANZAI.

MEANWHILE, AT THE ASYLUM...
MENTAL WARD
MY OVERTHRUSTER'S ALL PACKED AND READY TO GO!
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, DOC? TO THE MOON?
NO! PLANET IO!
MOMENTS LATER...
HELLO, JOHN BIGBOOTE? IT'S ME -- JOHN WHORFIN! YES, YOU FOOL! I'M ALIVE!
PREPARE FOR MY RETURN! THE TIME HAS COME!
KRIK
BANZAI AND HIKITA HAVE DONE IT! THEY'VE OPENED THE WINDOW! THE WAY HOME!
GET THEIR OVERTHRUSTER! HIKITA, TOO! BANZAI'S TOO DANGEROUS!
BLAM
I'LL MEET YOU AT THE FACTORY!
THE NEXT DAY...
SHE'S A SPITTIN' IMAGE!
buckaroo banzai and the hong kong cavaliers
DOESN'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE HER TO ME!
PICTURES DON'T LIE!
LIKE HECK THEY DON'T! I MET MY FIRST WIFE THAT WAY!
Y NEWS AND TELEGR
ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON BUCKAROO BANZA!!!

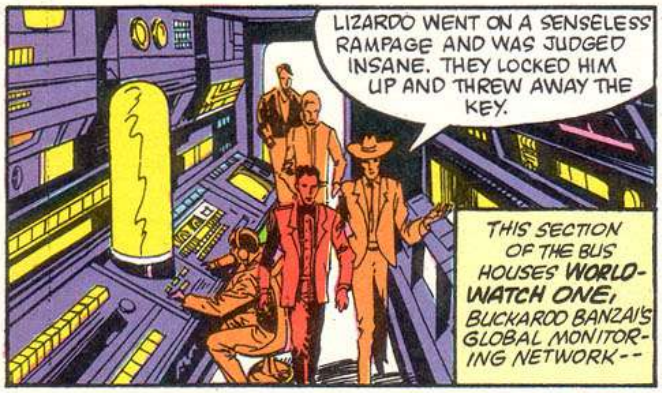
IT'S PEGGY TO THESE EYES!
BUCKAROO THINKS SO TOO, OR ELSE HE WOULDN'T BE READY TO GO MAKE A FOOL OF HIMSELF!
HEY, BUCKAROO! I GOT NEWS OFF THE WORLDWATCH WIRE!

THAT OLD PAL OF THE PROFESSOR'S, DR. EMILIO LIZARDO--

--WELL, HE KILLED A GUARD AT THE ASYLUM AND ESCAPED LAST NIGHT!
HAVE YOU WARNED PROFESSOR HIKITA?

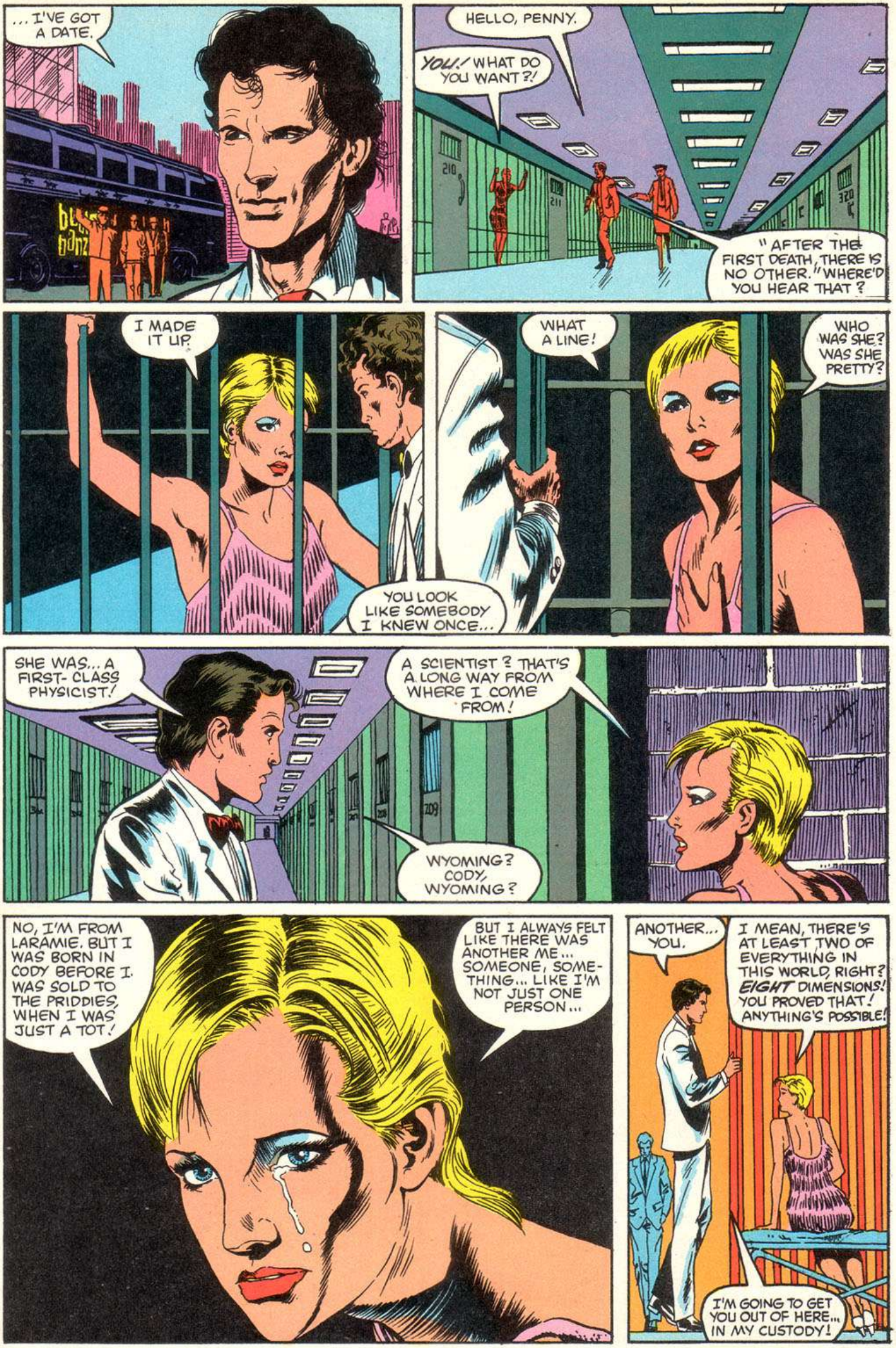
FIRST THING I DID.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON? C'MON, RAWHIDE! SPILL IT!
I CAN EXPLAIN, TOMMY!

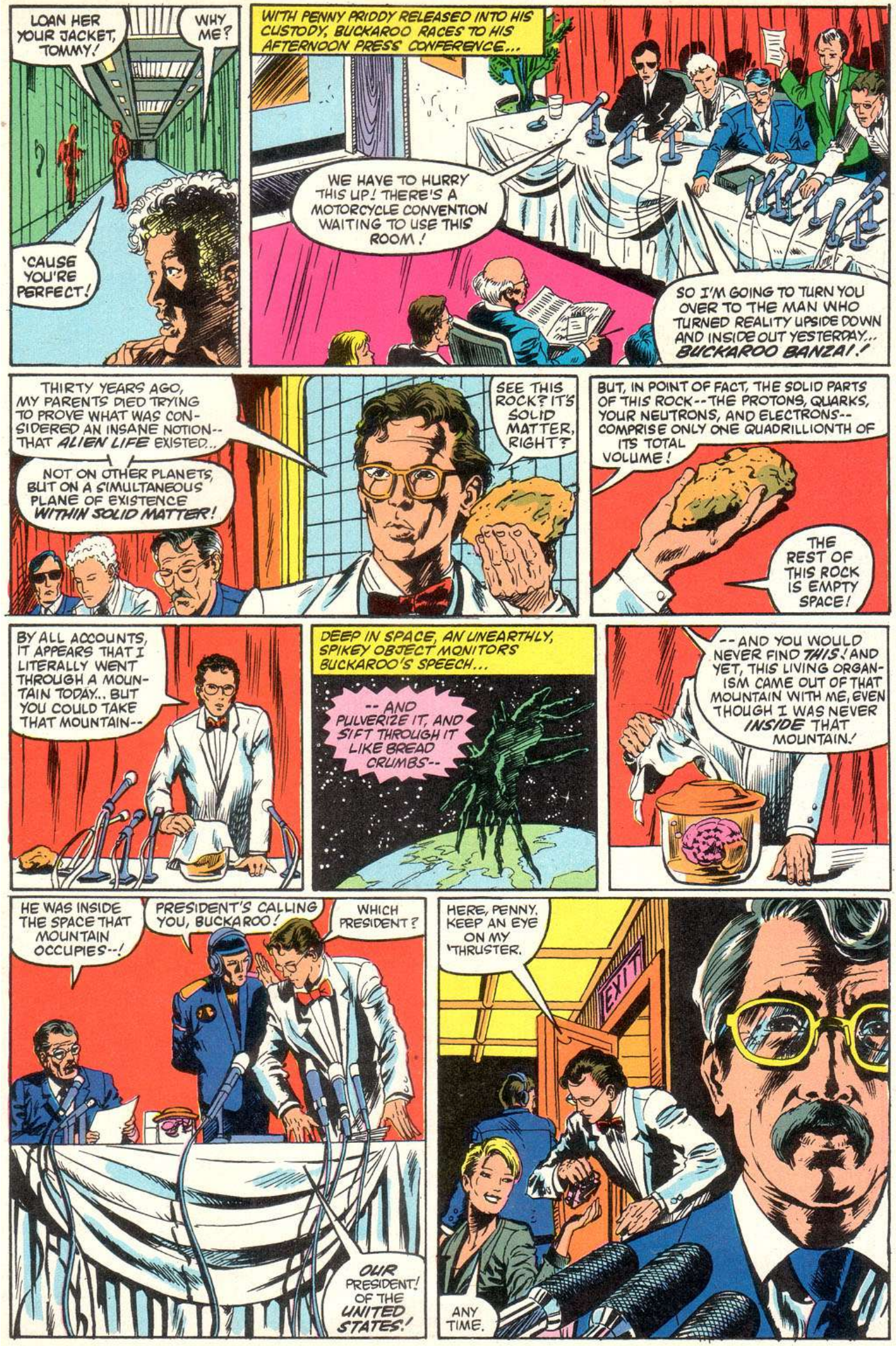
PROF. HIKITA AND DR. EMILIO LIZARDO WERE ACTUALLY THE FIRST TO DISCOVER THE EIGHTH DIMENSION, ALMOST 50 YEARS AGO, BEFORE MY PARENTS MADE THE ATTEMPT.
BUT THERE WAS TROUBLE-- A FLUKE ACCIDENT-- AND LIZARDO GOT STUCK BETWEEN DIMENSIONS! WHEN THEY HAULED HIM BACK, HE WASN'T THE SAME GUY.

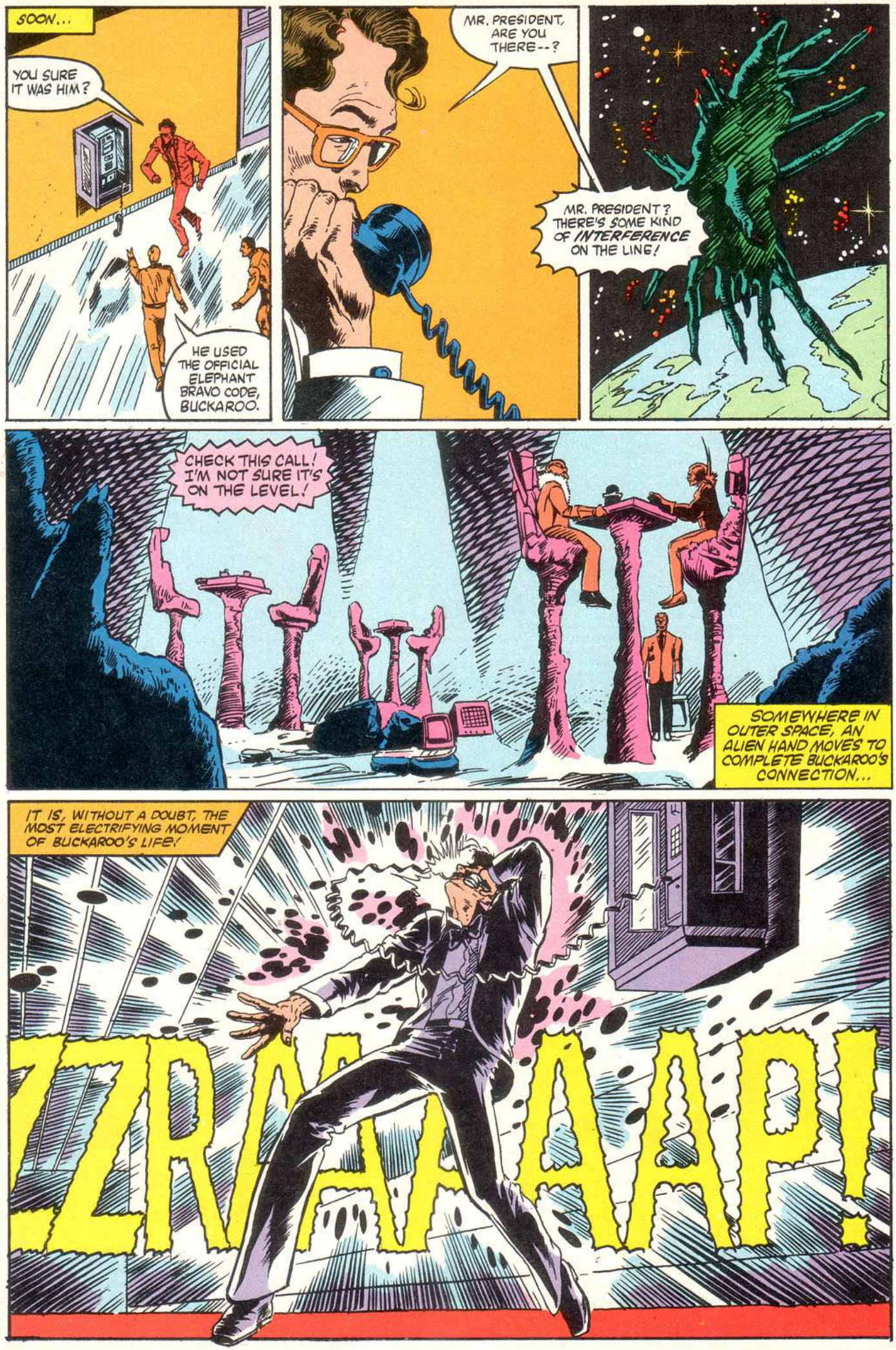

LIZARDO WENT ON A SENSELESS RAMPAGE AND WAS JUDGED INSANE. THEY LOCKED HIM UP AND THREW AWAY THE KEY.
THIS SECTION OF THE BUS HOUSES WORLD-WATCH ONE, BUCKAROO BANZAI'S GLOBAL MONITORING NETWORK--

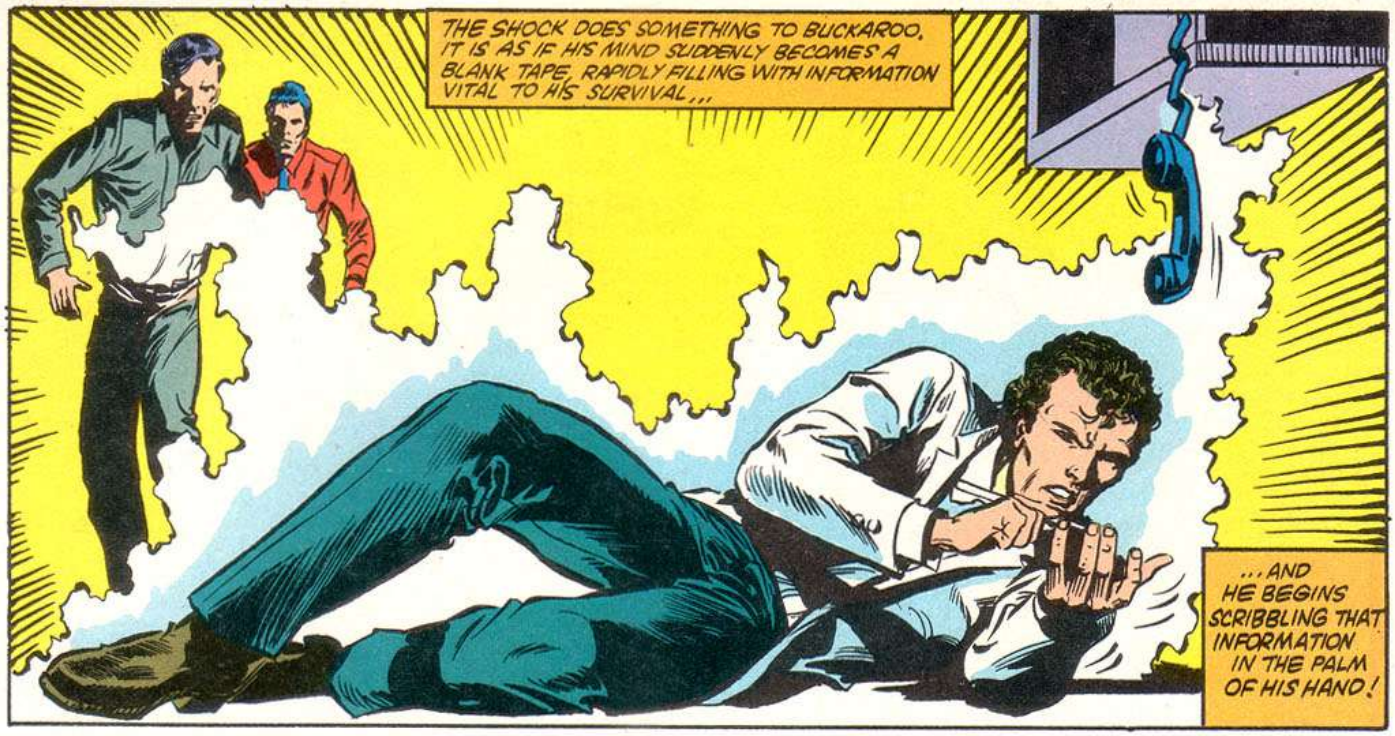
--AND ITS INCREDIBLY SOPHISTICATED AND SENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS HAVE JUST DETECTED..
SOMETHING WEIRD, BUCKAROO! GROSSLY ABNORMAL HIGH-ALTITUDE ELECTROSTATIC DISTURBANCE MOVING DOWN OVER CONNECTICUT!
TRACK IT.

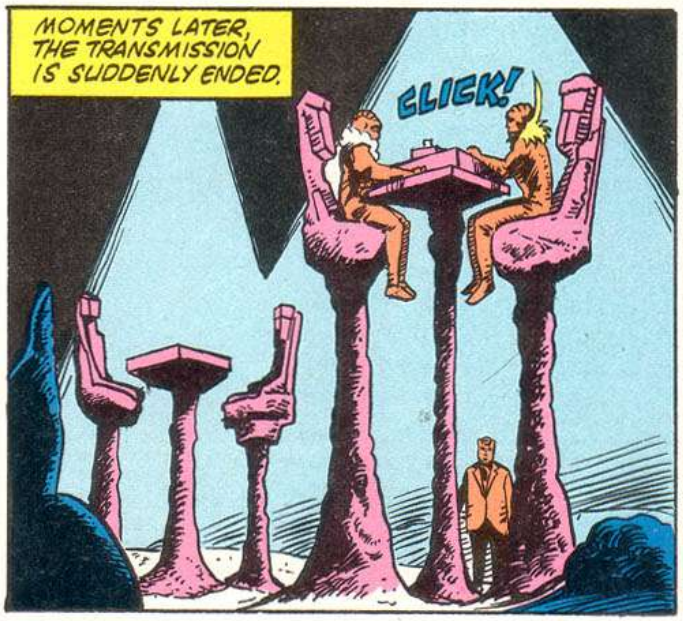
LATER, AS THE BUS PULLS UP TO A LOCAL POLICE STATION...
CONGRATULATIONS, BUCKAROO! I HEAR YOU WENT RIGHT THROUGH SOLID MATTER? A WHOLE MOUNTAIN?
FELLAS, THIS IS SID ZWIBEL, A MEDICAL COLLEAGUE OF MINE! HE'LL BE RIDING WITH US. BUT RIGHT NOW...


... I'VE GOT A DATE.
HELLO, PENNY.
YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT?!
"AFTER THE FIRST DEATH, THERE IS NO OTHER." WHERE'D YOU HEAR THAT?
I MADE IT UP.
YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY I KNEW ONCE...
WHAT A LINE!
WHO WAS SHE? WAS SHE PRETTY?
SHE WAS... A FIRST-CLASS PHYSICIST!
A SCIENTIST? THAT'S A LONG WAY FROM WHERE I COME FROM!
WYOMING? CODY, WYOMING?
NO, I'M FROM LARAMIE. BUT I WAS BORN IN CODY BEFORE I WAS SOLD TO THE PRIDDIES, WHEN I WAS JUST A TOT!
BUT I ALWAYS FELT LIKE THERE WAS ANOTHER ME... SOMEONE, SOMETHING... LIKE I'M NOT JUST ONE PERSON...
ANOTHER... YOU.
I MEAN, THERE'S AT LEAST TWO OF EVERYTHING IN THIS WORLD, RIGHT? EIGHT DIMENSIONS! YOU PROVED THAT! ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE!
I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE... IN MY CUSTODY!

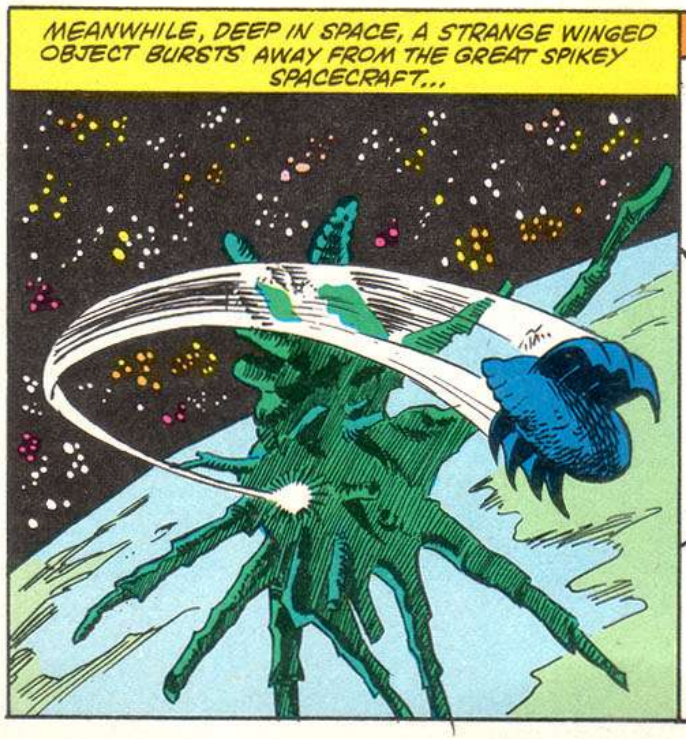

LOAN HER YOUR JACKET, TOMMY!
WHY ME?
'CAUSE YOU'RE PERFECT!
WITH PENNY PRIDDY RELEASED INTO HIS CUSTODY, BUCKAROO RACES TO HIS AFTERNOON PRESS CONFERENCE...
WE HAVE TO HURRY THIS UP! THERE'S A MOTORCYCLE CONVENTION WAITING TO USE THIS ROOM!
SO I'M GOING TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE MAN WHO TURNED REALITY UPSIDE DOWN AND INSIDE OUT YESTERDAY... BUCKAROO BANZAI!
THIRTY YEARS AGO, MY PARENTS DIED TRYING TO PROVE WHAT WAS CONSIDERED AN INSANE NOTION-- THAT ALIEN LIFE EXISTED...
NOT ON OTHER PLANETS, BUT ON A SIMULTANEOUS PLANE OF EXISTENCE WITHIN SOLID MATTER!
SEE THIS ROCK? IT'S SOLID MATTER, RIGHT?
BUT, IN POINT OF FACT, THE SOLID PARTS OF THIS ROCK--THE PROTONS, QUARKS, YOUR NEUTRONS, AND ELECTRONS-- COMPRISE ONLY ONE QUADRILLIONTH OF ITS TOTAL VOLUME!
THE REST OF THIS ROCK IS EMPTY SPACE!
BY ALL ACCOUNTS, IT APPEARS THAT I LITERALLY WENT THROUGH A MOUNTAIN TODAY... BUT YOU COULD TAKE THAT MOUNTAIN--
DEEP IN SPACE, AN UNEARTHLY, SPIKEY OBJECT MONITORS BUCKAROO'S SPEECH...
-- AND PULVERIZE IT, AND SIFT THROUGH IT LIKE BREAD CRUMBS--
--AND YOU WOULD NEVER FIND THIS! AND YET, THIS LIVING ORGANISM CAME OUT OF THAT MOUNTAIN WITH ME, EVEN THOUGH I WAS NEVER INSIDE THAT MOUNTAIN!
HE WAS INSIDE THE SPACE THAT MOUNTAIN OCCUPIES--!
PRESIDENT'S CALLING YOU, BUCKAROO!
WHICH PRESIDENT?
OUR PRESIDENT! OF THE UNITED STATES!
HERE, PENNY. KEEP AN EYE ON MY THRUSTER.
EXIT
ANY TIME.

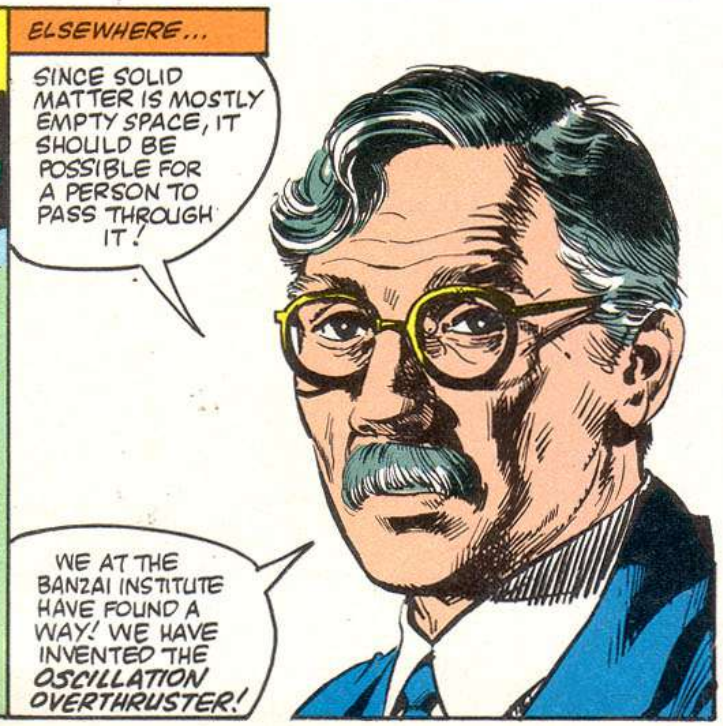

SOON...
YOU SURE IT WAS HIM?
HE USED THE OFFICIAL ELEPHANT BRAVO CODE, BUCKAROO.
MR. PRESIDENT, ARE YOU THERE--?
MR. PRESIDENT? THERE'S SOME KIND OF INTERFERENCE ON THE LINE!
CHECK THIS CALL! I'M NOT SURE IT'S ON THE LEVEL!
SOMEWHERE IN OUTER SPACE, AN ALIEN HAND MOVES TO COMPLETE BUCKAROO'S CONNECTION...
IT IS, WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE MOST ELECTRIFYING MOMENT OF BUCKAROO'S LIFE!
ZRCHAAAP!


THE SHOCK DOES SOMETHING TO BUCKAROO. IT IS AS IF HIS MIND SUDDENLY BECOMES A BLANK TAPE, RAPIDLY FILLING WITH INFORMATION VITAL TO HIS SURVIVAL...
...AND HE BEGINS SCRIBBLING THAT INFORMATION IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND!


MOMENTS LATER, THE TRANSMISSION IS SUDDENLY ENDED.
CLICK!

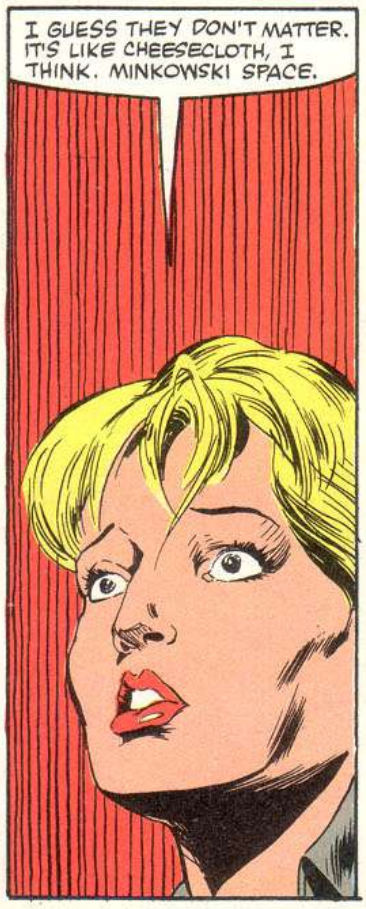
AND THEN...
HURRY--!
EXIT
WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM!


MEANWHILE, DEEP IN SPACE, A STRANGE WINGED OBJECT BURSTS AWAY FROM THE GREAT SPIKEY SPACECRAFT...


ELSEWHERE...
SINCE SOLID MATTER IS MOSTLY EMPTY SPACE, IT SHOULD BE POSSIBLE FOR A PERSON TO PASS THROUGH IT!
WE AT THE BANZAI INSTITUTE HAVE FOUND A WAY! WE HAVE INVENTED THE OSCILLATION OVERTHRUSTER!

IT CHANGES THE FORCES THAT HOLD MATTER TOGETHER, AND MAKES IT POSSIBLE TO MOVE THROUGH IT... INTO THE EIGHTH DIMENSION!
IMAGINE THE OSCILLATION OVERTHRUSTER AS A SOPHISTICATED RIFLE ACCELERATOR WHICH IS FIRING A STEADY STREAM OF INTERMEDIATE VECTOR BOSONS AT A TARGET...
IN THIS CASE, A MOUNTAIN!

AND THE JET CAR ACTS AS A GIANT SUPER CONDUCTING MAGNET...
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FIFTH, SIX, AND SEVENTH DIMENSIONS?


I GUESS THEY DON'T MATTER. IT'S LIKE CHEESECLOTH, I THINK. MINKOWSKI SPACE.

SUDDENLY...
THERE--! THOSE TWO! DON'T PANIC...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BUCKAROO? WHERE--?! WHAT--?!

EVIL-- PURE AND SIMPLE, FROM THE EIGHTH DIMENSION!

GET THEM! THEY'RE RED LECTROIDS FROM THE EIGHTH DIMENSION!!!
HUH? WHO?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, BUCKAROO?
WGBS

AT THAT MOMENT, BUCKAROO BANZAI REALIZES HE ALONE HAS THE ABILITY TO PERCEIVE THE ENEMY...
EXIT

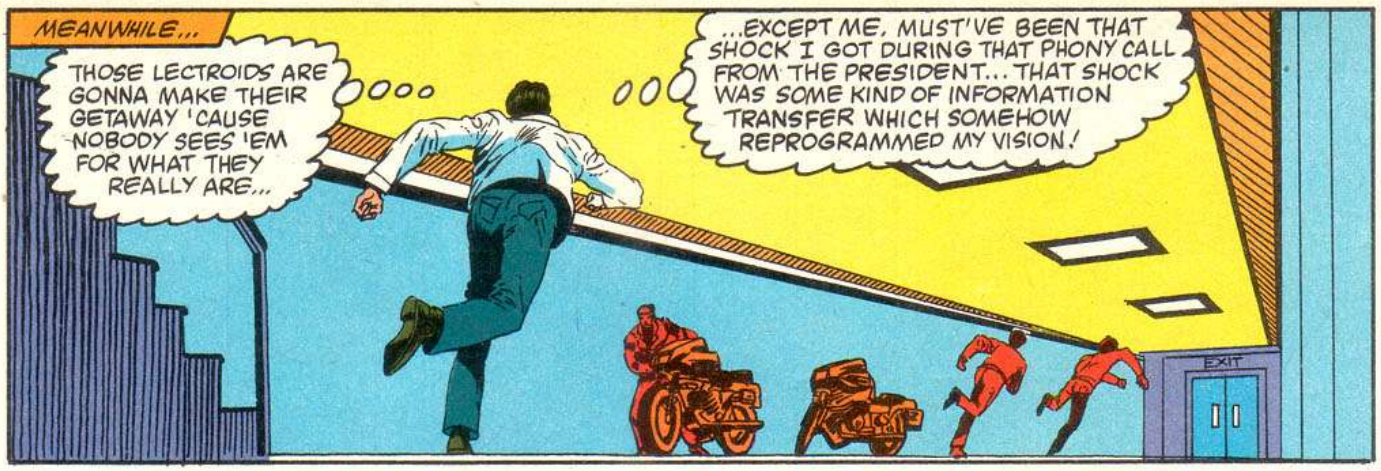
...AS THEY TRULY ARE!
RED LECTROIDS! GRAB 'EM!
LECTROIDS?

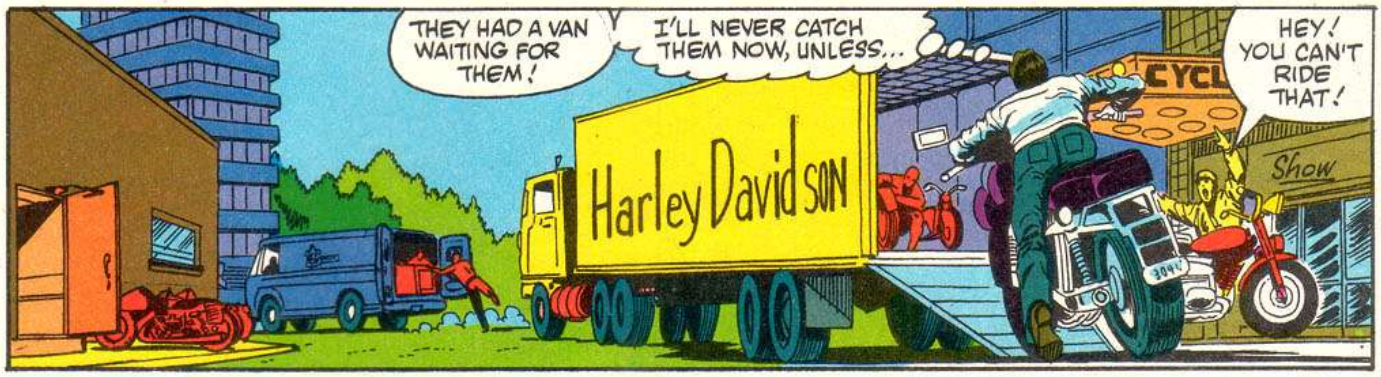
SUDDENLY...
MOTOR CYCL
DON'T ANYONE MOVE!
HIKITA'S COMING WITH ME!

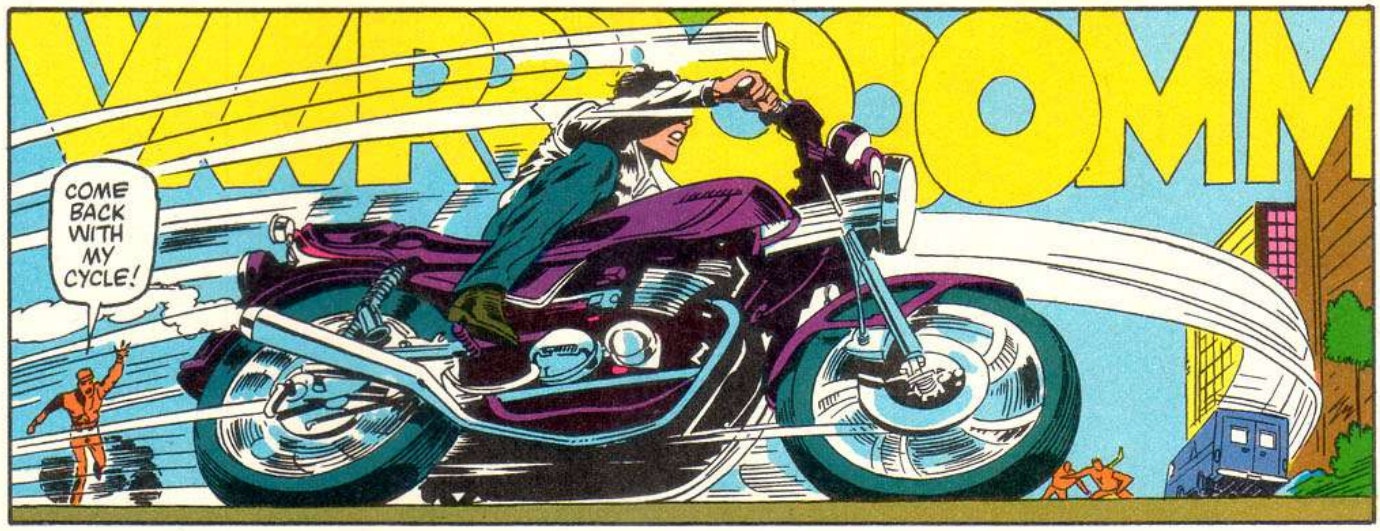
AS THE MASKED GUNMAN SLOWLY EDGES PROFESSOR HIKITA TO THE EXIT, PENNY QUICKLY SLIPS THE OVER-THRUSTER INTO HER HANDBAG...
BIKES

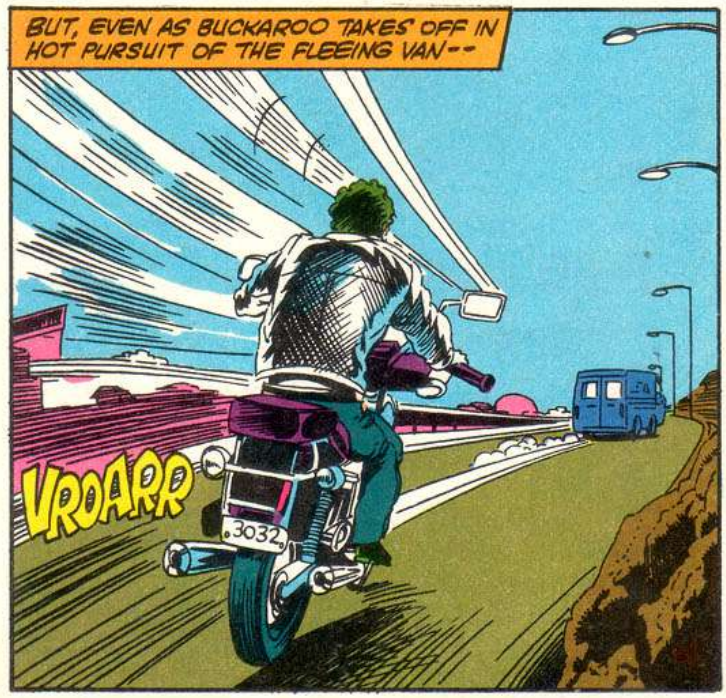
AND THEN, AS THE HONG KONG CAVALIERS ATTEMPT TO SPRING TO THE PROFESSOR'S AID...
UGNN
OKAY, WISE GUYS! LET THOSE GUN-BELTS HIT THE FLOOR...
BLAM
RENO!

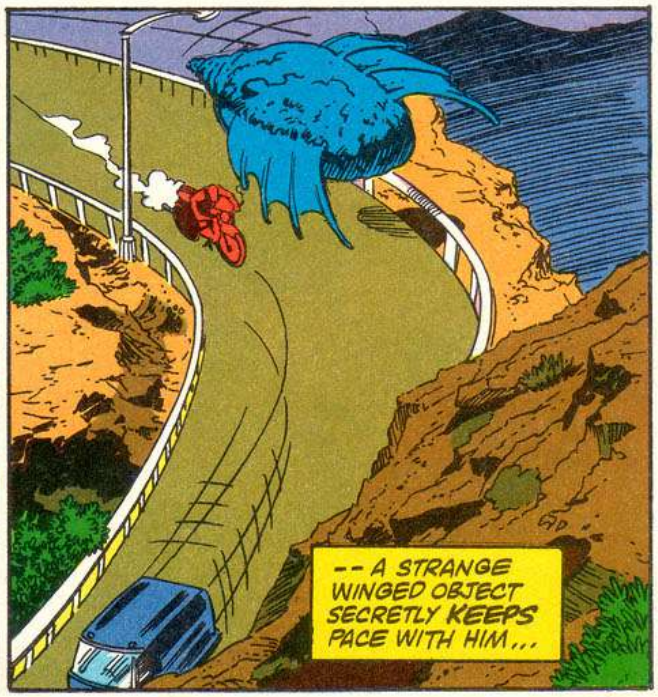
...AND NOBODY FOLLOW OR THE PROF HERE IS HISTORY!

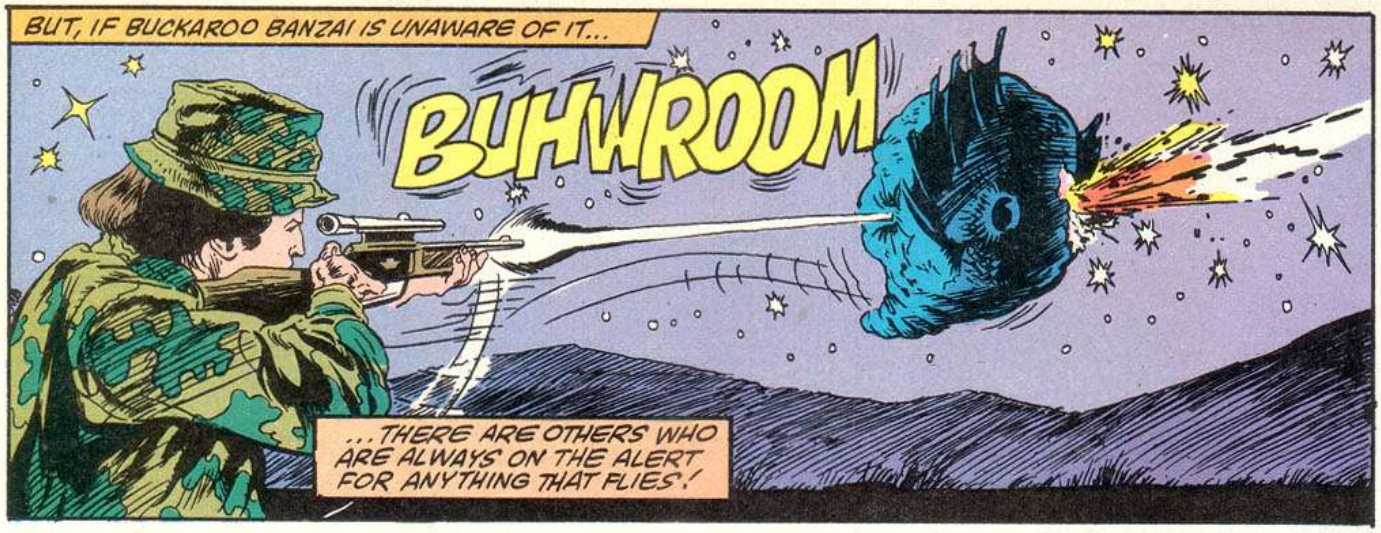

MEANWHILE...
THOSE LECTROIDS ARE GONNA MAKE THEIR GETAWAY 'CAUSE NOBODY SEES 'EM FOR WHAT THEY REALLY ARE...
...EXCEPT ME, MUST'VE BEEN THAT SHOCK I GOT DURING THAT PHONY CALL FROM THE PRESIDENT... THAT SHOCK WAS SOME KIND OF INFORMATION TRANSFER WHICH SOMEHOW REPROGRAMMED MY VISION!
EXIT


THEY HAD A VAN WAITING FOR THEM!
I'LL NEVER CATCH THEM NOW, UNLESS...
HEY! YOU CAN'T RIDE THAT!
Harley David SON
CYCL
Show

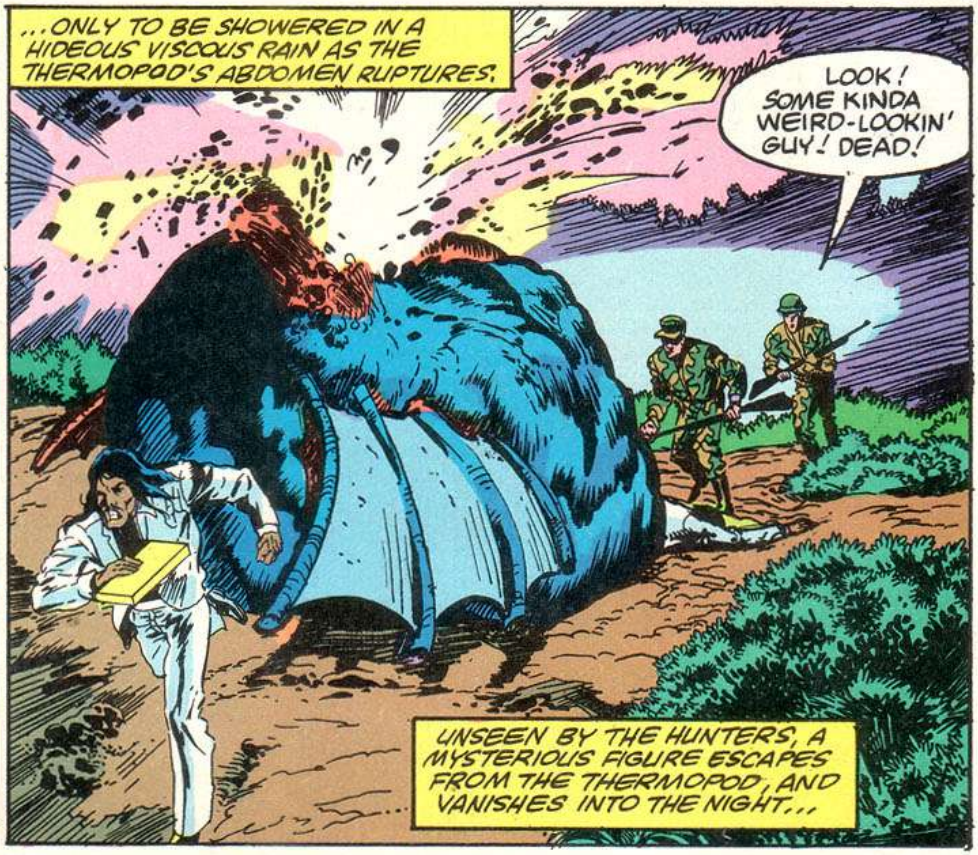

COME BACK WITH MY CYCLE!


BUT, EVEN AS BUCKAROO TAKES OFF IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING VAN--
VROARR
3032


-- A STRANGE WINGED OBJECT SECRETLY KEEPS PACE WITH HIM...


BUT, IF BUCKAROO BANZAI IS UNAWARE OF IT...
BUHWROOM
...THERE ARE OTHERS WHO ARE ALWAYS ON THE ALERT FOR ANYTHING THAT FLIES!

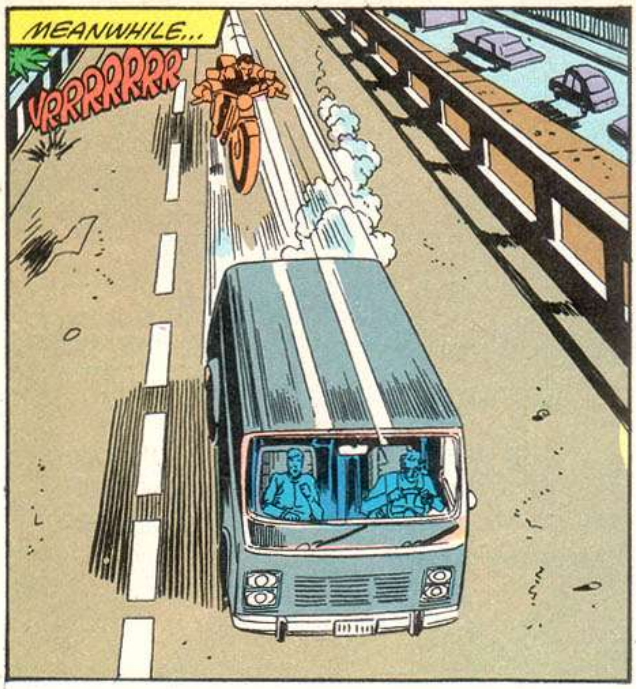
NOT SURE THAT THEIR GAME LICENSES COVER CREATURES SUCH AS THE ONE THEY'VE JUST BROUGHT DOWN, THE HUNTERS APPROACH CAUTIOUSLY...
GOOD GOD, THAT'S SOME DUCK--!

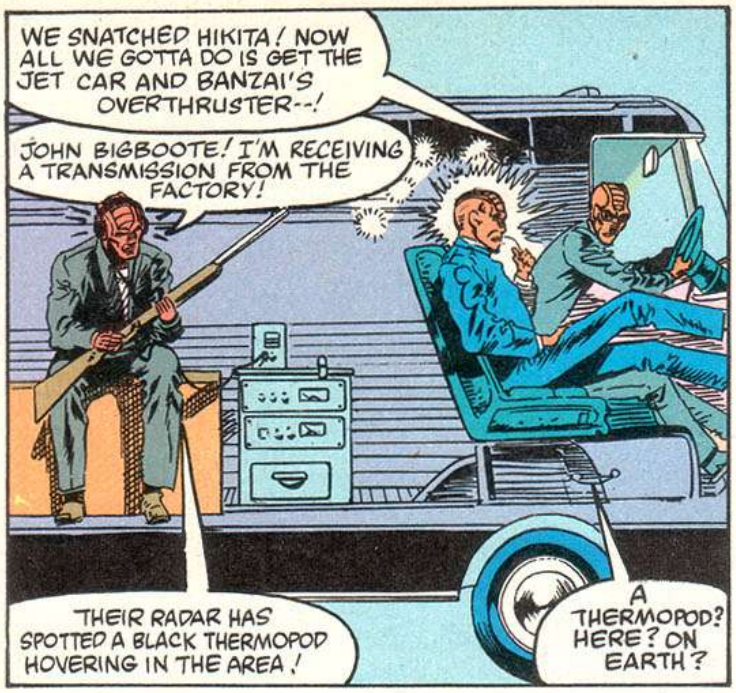

...ONLY TO BE SHOWERED IN A HIDEOUS VISCOUS RAIN AS THE THERMOPOD'S ABDOMEN RUPTURES.
LOOK! SOME KINDA WEIRD-LOOKIN' GUY! DEAD!
UNSEEN BY THE HUNTERS, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE ESCAPES FROM THE THERMOPOD, AND VANISHES INTO THE NIGHT...

HE'S HOLDING THE LATEST ISSUE OF BUCKAROO BANZAI COMICS?!

MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE THERMOPOD, A BLACK LECTROID REMAINS ALIVE...
THIS IS JOHN GANT. MY MOST PROFUSE APOLOGIES TO MY HOMELAND AND LOVED ONES. JOHN VALUK IS DEAD--HE FELL ON HIS HEAD. BUT PERHAPS JOHN PARKER WILL GET THROUGH TO BUCKAROO BANZAI!

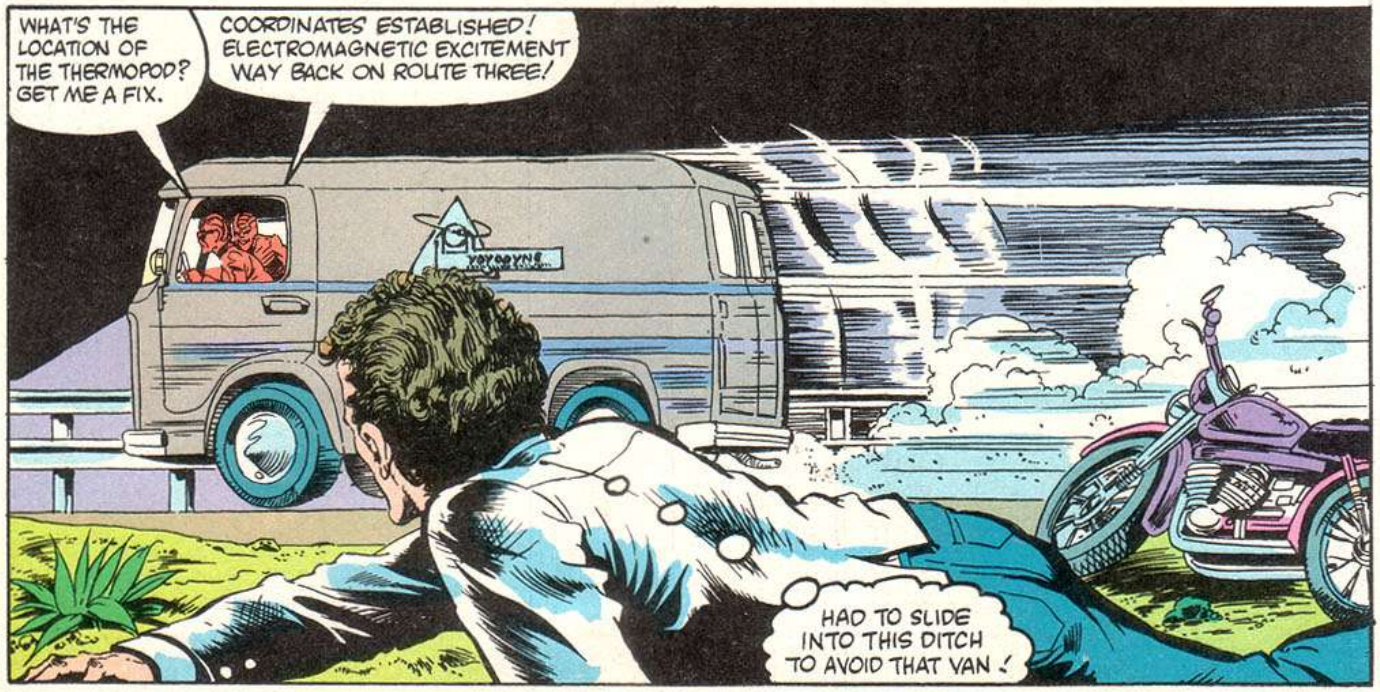
WE CANNOT SAVE YOU, JOHN GANT!
WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO ORDER YOU TO DESTROY YOURSELF!


MEANWHILE...
VRRRRRRR


WE SNATCHED HIKITA! NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GET THE JET CAR AND BANZAI'S OVERTHRUSTER--!
JOHN BIGBOOTE! I'M RECEIVING A TRANSMISSION FROM THE FACTORY!
THEIR RADAR HAS SPOTTED A BLACK THERMOPOD HOVERING IN THE AREA!
A THERMOPOD? HERE? ON EARTH?

OUR ENEMIES, THE BLACK LECTROIDS MUST KNOW THAT JOHN WHORFIN ESCAPED FROM THE ASYLUM. THEY'RE MORE THAN THREE TRILLION SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILLION MILES AWAY, YET THEY KNOW--
--AND THEY'RE OUT TO STOP US!

BUT WE WON'T BE STOPPED! DEATH TO THE ENEMY! KILL OR DIE!
HEY--!!
SKREEE

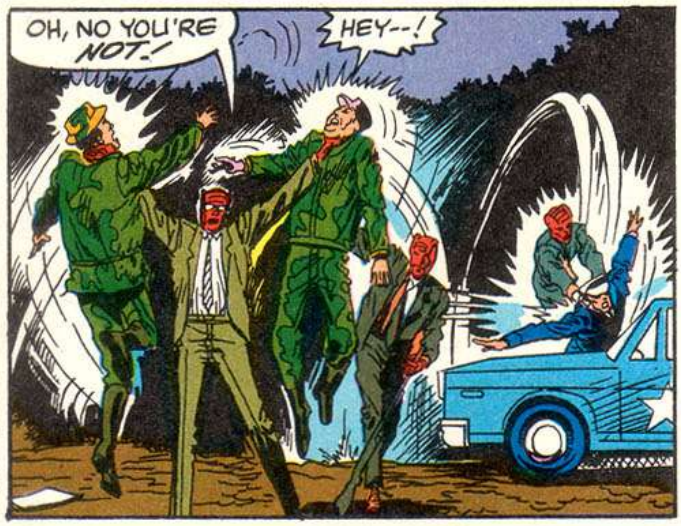

WHAT'S THE LOCATION OF THE THERMOPOD? GET ME A FIX.
COORDINATES ESTABLISHED! ELECTROMAGNETIC EXCITEMENT WAY BACK ON ROUTE THREE!
HAD TO SLIDE INTO THIS DITCH TO AVOID THAT VAN!

MINUTES LATER, NONE THE WORSE FOR HAVING BEEN DRIVEN OFF THE ROAD, BUCKAROO RESUMES HIS PURSUIT, AND THEN...
JOHN BIGBOOTE, OFFICER. HEAD OF OPERATIONS, YOYODYNE PROPULSION SYSTEMS! THAT'S ONE OF OUR BIRDS...
THAT FELLA OVER THERE-- THAT ONE OF YOURS, TOO?
THE DROID, YOU MEAN?

YOYODYNE? HAVE TO GET THE CAVALIERS TO CHECK ON THAT!
THAT CRATE--!
MMMRRPHH!
YO-YO

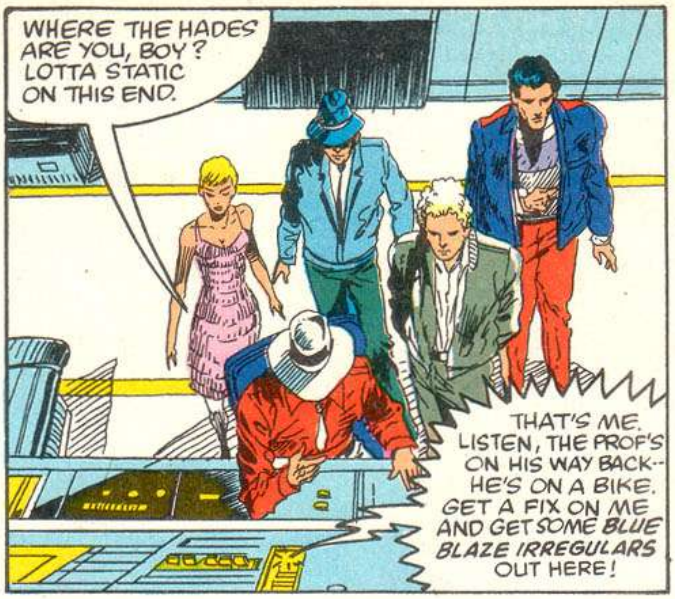
PROFESSOR HIKITA--?! CAREFUL. DON'T TOUCH ME--! I'M IONIZED. HAPPENED IN THE PHONE BOOTH DURING MY PHONY PHONE CALL FROM THE PRESIDENT.
THAT'S HOW I CAN SEE THEM-- THE RED LECTROIDS.
RED LECTROIDS?
YEAH. FROM PLANET 10 BY WAY OF THE EIGHTH DIMENSION. RIGHT NOW, THEY'RE...

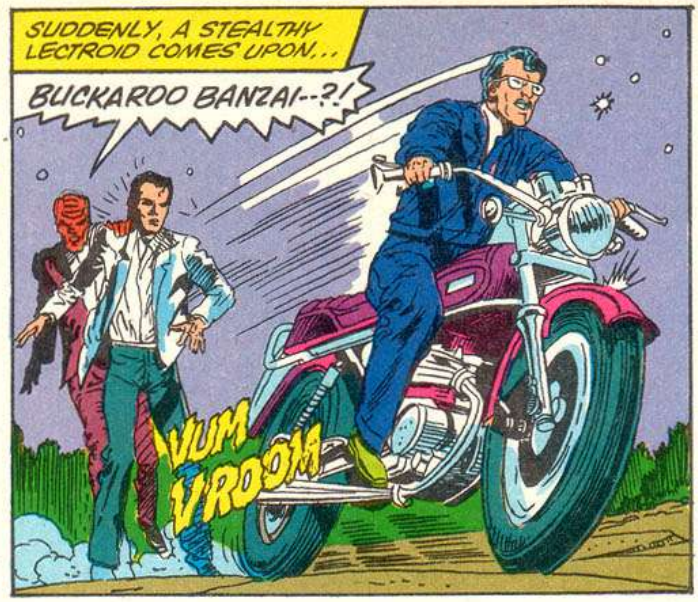
"-- JUST OUTSIDE!"
IT'S A THREE MAN THERMOPOD!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS. THERMOPOD, YOU SAY? DROID? I'M GONNA HAVE TO CHECK IN...


OH, NO YOU'RE NOT!
HEY--!

HOP ON THE HARLEY! GET BACK TO THE INSTITUTE AND DECIPHER THIS FORMULA, PROFESSOR! IT'S THE REASON I CAN SPOT THE LECTROIDS!
SLAP
STEP ON IT! PRONTO--! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

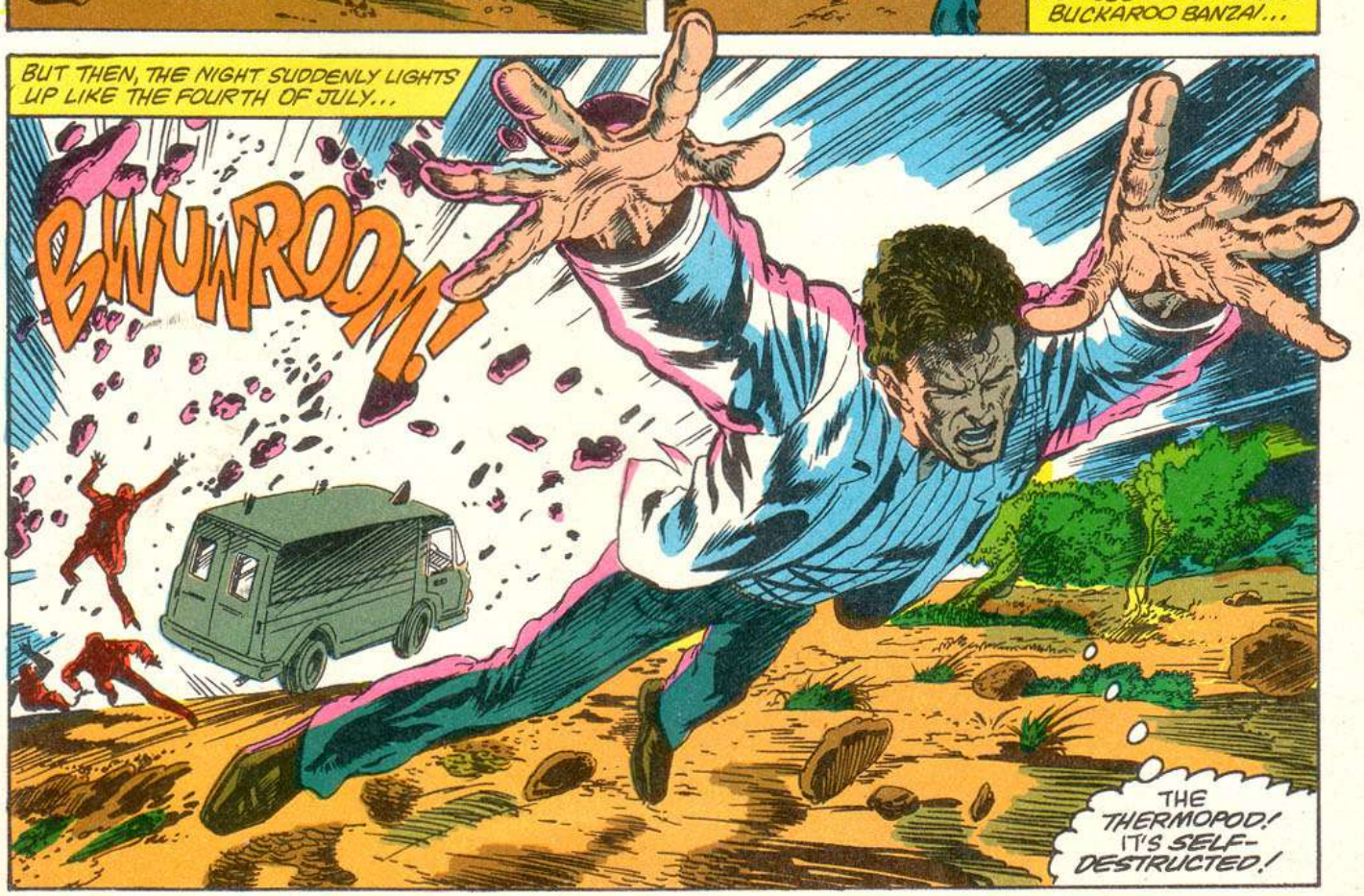
RAWHIDE, COME IN. OVER.
BRUM VROOM


WHERE THE HADES ARE YOU, BOY? LOTTA STATIC ON THIS END.
THAT'S ME. LISTEN, THE PROF'S ON HIS WAY BACK-- HE'S ON A BIKE. GET A FIX ON ME AND GET SOME BLUE BLAZE IRREGULARS OUT HERE!


SUDDENLY, A STEALTHY LECTROID COMES UPON...
BUCKAROO BANZAI--?!
VUM VROOM

TAKE THAT, ILLEGAL ALIEN!
SCHUNK!

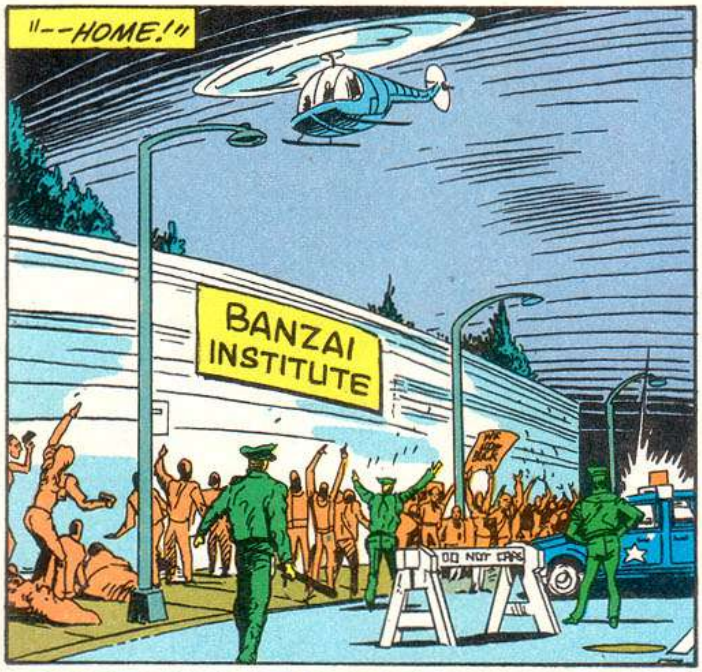
IT'S BUCKAROO BANZAI! HE'S LET THE PROFESSOR OUT OF THE CRATE! GET HIM!
RED LECTROIDS CHASE BUCKAROO BANZAI...

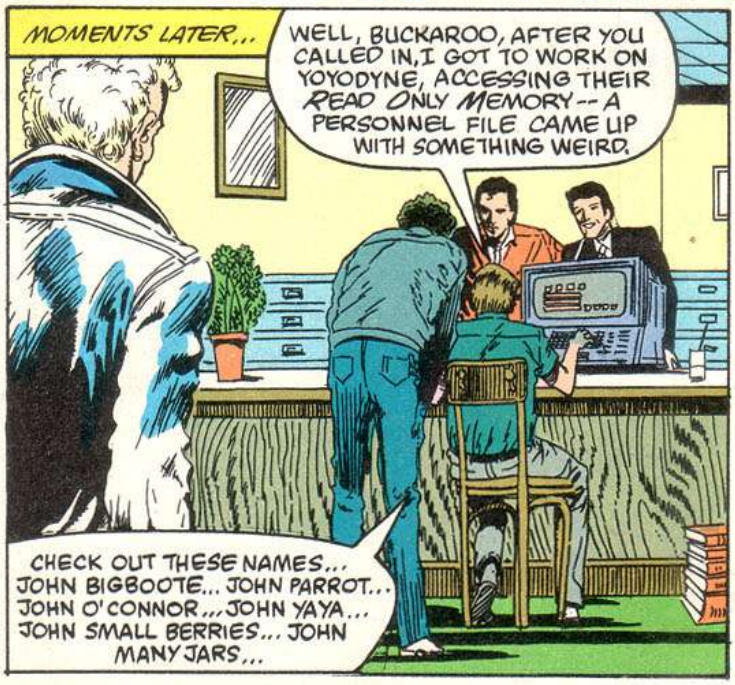

BUT THEN, THE NIGHT SUDDENLY LIGHTS UP LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY...
BWUWROOM!
THE THERMOPOD! IT'S SELF-DESTRUCTED!

BUT, EVEN AS HE IS HURLED FORWARD BY THE CONCUSSIVE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION...

...HELP ARRIVES FOR BUCKAROO BANZAI!

SKOOTER AND CASPER LINDLEY--TWO OF MY FAVORITE BLUE BLAZE IRREGULARS!
WELCOME ABOARD BUCKAROO! RAWHIDE SENT US TO BRING YOU--


"--HOME!"
BANZAI INSTITUTE
DO NOT CROSS


MOMENTS LATER...
WELL, BUCKAROO, AFTER YOU CALLED IN, I GOT TO WORK ON YOYODYNE, ACCESSING THEIR READ ONLY MEMORY--A PERSONNEL FILE CAME UP WITH SOMETHING WEIRD.
CHECK OUT THESE NAMES... JOHN BIGBOOTE... JOHN PARROT... JOHN O'CONNOR... JOHN YAYA... JOHN SMALL BERRIES... JOHN MANY JARS...

EVERY YOYODYNE EMPLOYEE HAS THE SAME FIRST NAME, AND THEY ALL APPLIED FOR THEIR SOCIAL SECURITY CARDS IN THE SAME TOWN IN NEW JERSEY ON THE EXACT SAME DATE... GROVER'S MILLS, NEW JERSEY, OCTOBER 31, 1938!
THAT'S IT! OF COURSE! HALLOWEEN! NOW IT ALL MAKES SENSE!
ORSON WELLES!

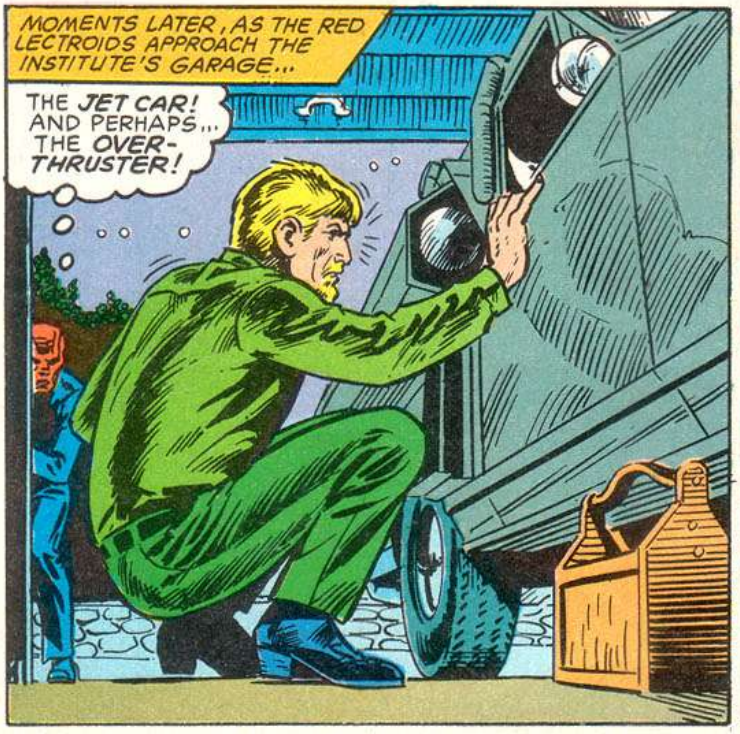
DON'T YOU SEE? HALLOWEEN, 1938... ORSON WELLES'S "WAR OF THE WORLDS"--THAT FAKE RADIO BROADCAST THAT GOT EVERYONE BELIEVING THAT THE TOWN OF GROVER'S MILLS, NEW JERSEY HAD BEEN INVADED BY MARTIANS!
MARTIANS?

NO, TOMMY. IN THIS CASE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT--
--LECTROIDS!

AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE FRONT GATES...
MY NAME IS JOHN PARKER. I NEED SEE BUCKAROO BANZAI IN PERSON.
NOT EVEN THE POPE GETS TA SEE BUCKAROO IN PERSON WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT, PAL BUT IF YOU WANT ME TO DELIVER THAT PACKAGE...
B
BANZAI INSTITUT

AS THE BLUE BLAZE HUSTLES TOWARDS THE HOUSE WITH THE ALIEN'S PACKAGE, THE BLACK LECTROID SPIES...
RED LECTROIDS!
SCREEEE

THEY'RE SNEAKING INTO THE GROUNDS! MUST FOLLOW!


MOMENTS LATER, AS THE RED LECTROIDS APPROACH THE INSTITUTE'S GARAGE...
THE JET CAR! AND PERHAPS... THE OVER-THRUSTER!

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING...
HISST!

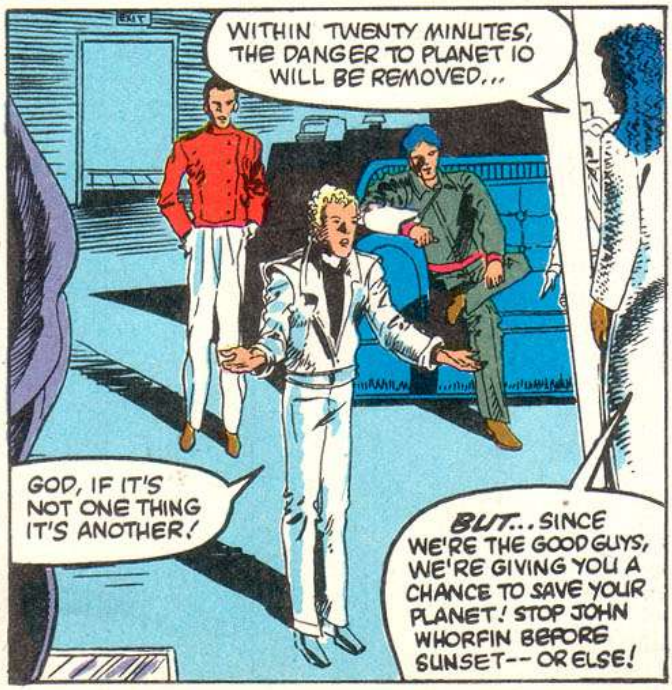
MOMENTS LATER...
NOT HERE! NO OVERTHRUSTER!
JOHN WHORFIN WILL KILL US!
PROFESSOR HIKITA MUST HAVE IT!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE CAVALIERS GASP AT A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE PROJECTED BY THE YELLOW RECORD TAKEN FROM THE RASTAFARIAN AT THE GATE...
SALUTATIONS, GREAT BUCKAROO BANZAI! I AM JOHN EMDALL FROM PLANET IO! A COMMON GRAVE DANGER CONFRONTS BOTH OUR WORLDS!

AFTER A BLOODY REIGN OF TERROR, THE HATED LEADER OF OUR MILITARY CASTE, THE SELF-PROCLAIMED "JOHN WHORFIN," A BLOODTHIRSTY BUTCHER AS EVIL AS YOUR HITLER, WAS OVERTHROWN BY FREEDOM-LOVING FORCES!
HE WAS TRIED AND CONDEMNED, ALONG WITH SEVERAL HUNDRED OF HIS FOLLOWERS, TO SPEND ETERNITY IN THE FORMLESS VOID OF THE EIGHTH DIMENSION!

THEN THE EXPERIMENTS OF YOUR FATHER, PROFESSOR HIKITA, AND THE REAL DR. LIZARDO ACCIDENTALLY FREED JOHN WHORFIN, SETTING HIM LOOSE HERE ON EARTH!
OUR INTELLIGENCE NOW REPORTS THAT WHORFIN SEEKS TO USE YOUR OVERTHRUSTER TO RETURN TO PLANET IO!
IF HE SHOULD ATTEMPT THIS, WE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO DISRUPT WORLDWIDE COMMUNICATIONS, AND FIRE A PARTICLE BEAM FROM YOUR AIRSPACE AT SMOLENSK IN THE UNION OF THE SOVIET SOCIALIST'S REPUBLIC!

AN ACTION THE KREMLIN WILL MOST CERTAINLY MISINTERPRET AS AN AMERICAN FIRST STRIKE!
EXACTLY, PERFECT TOMMY! THE SOVIETS WILL RETALIATE AND YOUR PRESIDENT WILL BE FORCED TO LAUNCH A MASSIVE COUNTER-STRIKE!


WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES, THE DANGER TO PLANET IO WILL BE REMOVED...
GOD, IF IT'S NOT ONE THING IT'S ANOTHER!
BUT... SINCE WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS, WE'RE GIVING YOU A CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR PLANET! STOP JOHN WHORFIN BEFORE SUNSET-- OR ELSE!

RAWHIDE, FIND OUT HOW THE PROFESSOR'S DOING WITH THE LECTROID-REVEALING FORMULA.
RENO, CHECK OUT THE JET CAR.
WHERE YOU GOIN', BUCKAROO?
TO GET MY GUNS.
YOUR GUNS--?!
AT THAT MOMENT, IN PROFESSOR HIKITA'S LAB...
YOO-HOO, PROFESSOR HIKITAAAA!
TAP TAP TAP
EH?
THE GOOD PROFESSOR HAS INHALED ENOUGH OF THE SENSE-HEIGHTENING FORMULA THAT WAS GIVEN TO HIM BY BUCKAROO...
...TO KNOW THAT HE'S LOOKING AT A RED LECTROID FROM THE PLANET IO!
MEANWHILE, IN BUCKAROO'S BEDROOM...
SOMEONE'S HIDING BEHIND MY DRESSING SCREEN--!

THE GREAT MAN WHIRLS, PEARL-HANDLED COLTS AT THE READY FOR THE DANGER HE DETECTS BEHIND HIM!
DROP 'EM, OR--!
DROP DEAD, YOU DOUBLE-DEALING CASANOVA!
PENNY?!
WHO IS SHE?!
To my Bucking Bronco buster, with Love, Peggy
WHO... WAS... SHE, YOU MEAN.
LISTEN, IT'S KINDA COMPLICATED TO GO INTO NOW THAT THE WORLD'S COMING TO AN END... BUT, BRIEFLY, SHE WAS YOUR LONG-LOST TWIN SISTER. WE GOT MARRIED. SHE DIED...
...KILLED BY THE EVIL HANOI-XAN.
HANOI XAN? THE GUY IN YOUR COMIC BOOKS? BOSS OF THE WORLD CRIME LEAGUE? SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE LEGION OF DEATH? THE PIVOT OF MYSTERY HIMSELF?
YOU'RE PUTTING ME ON! HE'S A COMIC BOOK CHARACTER!
I WISH HE WERE. HE'S REAL ENOUGH.
LOOK, I GOTTA GO. WE'RE LIVING ON BORROWED TIME.
GO? GO WHERE?
YOU'VE GOT YOUR SIX-GUNS STRAPPED ON! YOU'RE RIDING OFF ON ANOTHER ADVENTURE! OH, MY GOD! IT'S ALL REAL--!

HANG IN THERE, PENNY. TRUST ME. EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE OKAY.
OKAY? YOU MEAN, IF I JUST BELIEVE IN BUCKAROO BANZAI ??
NO, IF YOU JUST BELIEVE IN YOURSELF.
GOD, THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF THING A HERO IS SUPPOSED TO SAY!

BUCKAROO! THE MANURE'S HIT THE FAN! SOMEBODY BUSTED INTO THE JET CAR, AND THE PROFESSOR'S BEEN SNATCHED!
I'VE GOTTA GO, PENNY. WAIT FOR ME?
SURE.

AS THE CAVALIERS SPLIT UP TO SEARCH FOR INTRUDERS, BUCKAROO RACES INTO A CORRIDOR TO FIND...
RAWHIDE!

BE CAREFUL, BUCKAROO! HE'S STILL KICKING!

WITHOUT HESITATION, THE LECTROID ATTACKS...
HISST!

BUT THEN...
LOOK OUT, BUCKAROO! ARRGH

BLAM, BLAM, KAPOW!
THE ONE THAT... GOT ME, BUCKAROO... WAS HE... APACHE?

NO... ARACHTOID.
THAT'S NICE... TO KNOW...
WE GOTTA STOP 'EM, BUCKAROO! LET'S SADDLE UP-P-P

BUT THEN, AS RAWHIDE SLIPS INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS...
I AM AFRAID THAT THERE IS NO ANTIDOTE FOR THE PARASITE PRONGS, BUCKAROO BANZAI!
A BLACK LECTROID?!
I AM JOHN PARKER!
IF YOU LISTENED TO THE HOLOGRAM, YOU KNOW THAT WE ARE ON THE SAME SIDE, UNITED IN OUR DESIRE TO STOP JOHN WHORFIN!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
LOOK! THE RED LECTROIDS ARE SNATCHING SKOOTER LINDLEY'S CHOPPER AND PENNY.
AND SHE'S GOT THE OVERTHRUSTER!
LATER THAT SAME NIGHT...
...THE WORLDWATCH ONE BUS PULLS INTO A PARKING LOT NEAR YOYODYNE PROPULSION SYSTEMS...
INSIDE, BUCKAROO CONFERS WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE MOUNTING AN ASSAULT ON YOYODYNE? THEY'RE A MAJOR GOVERNMENT CONTRACTOR WORKING ON OUR TRUNCHEON BOMBER!
THEY ARE VICIOUS ALIENS, DISGUISED AS HUMAN BEINGS, INTENT ON USING OUR WORLD AS A LAUNCHING PAD FOR THEIR CONQUEST OF PLANET IO--

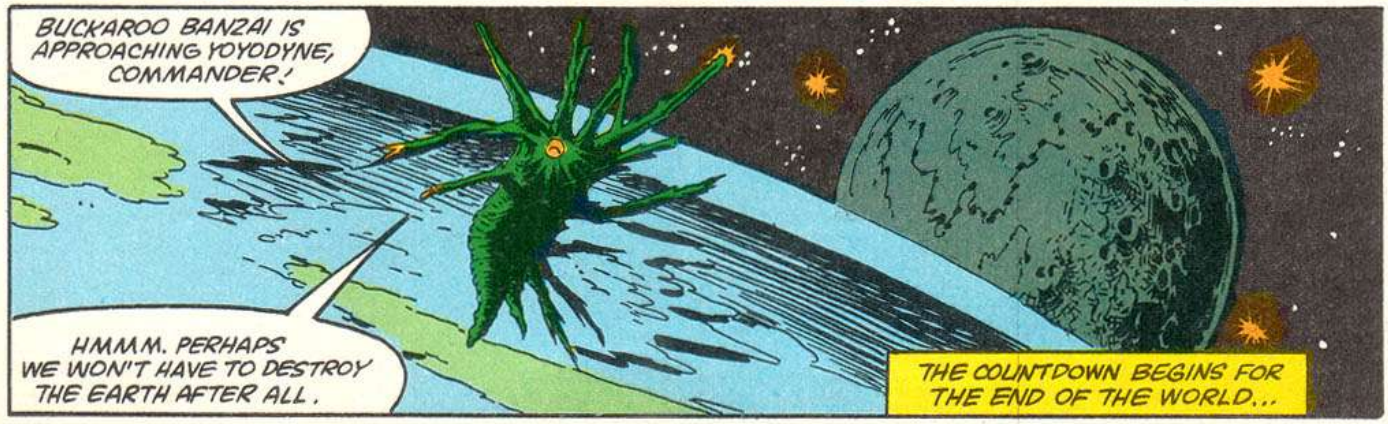
--AND PLANET 10 INTENDS TO FORCE US INTO A WAR WITH RUSSIA IN ORDER TO STOP WHORFIN, MR. PRESIDENT, UNLESS WE STOP WHORFIN FIRST.
WHAT?!
ALIENS IN OUR DEFENSE INDUSTRY??
SIR, STRATEGIC SPACE COMMAND NOW REPORTS ALL SURVEILLANCE-SATELLITE COMMUNICATIONS JAMMED!

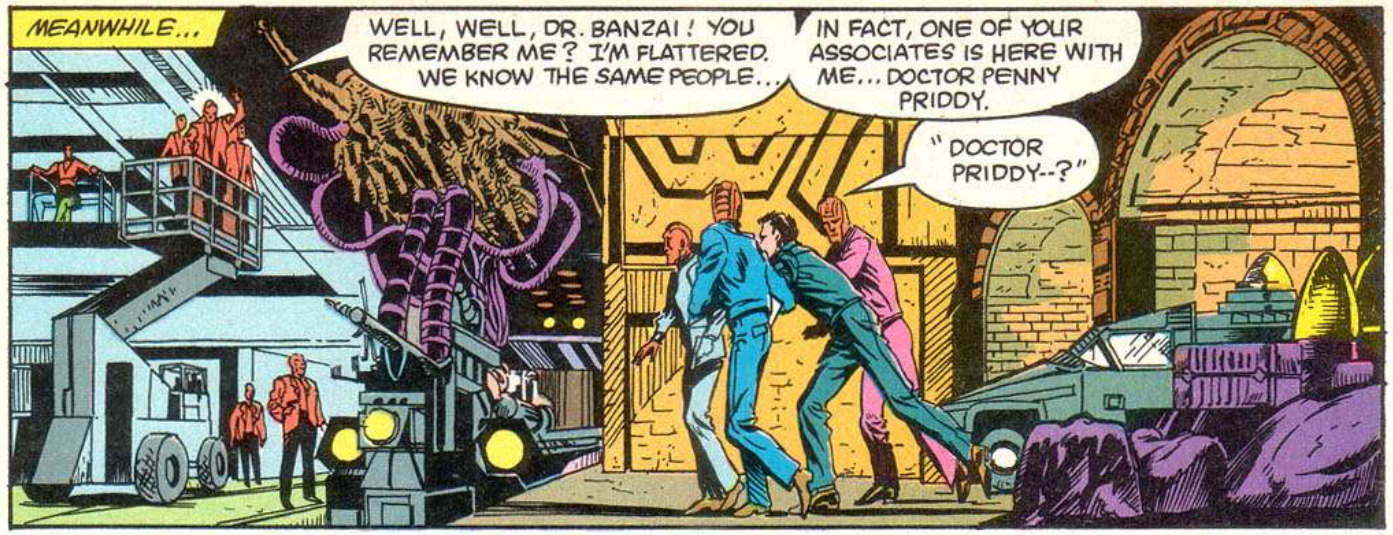
MR. PRESIDENT, THE LECTROIDS HAVE ALREADY STARTED DISRUPTING WORLDWIDE COMMUNICATIONS!
I'M GOING IN--

--ALONE!
LISTEN, I'M NOT A RAH-RAH KIND'A GUY, NOT MUCH ON SPEECHES, BUT THINGS COULD GET ROUGH OUT THERE TONIGHT.

IT'S A FIGHT WE DIDN'T ASK FOR, BUT IT'S A FIGHT WE'RE STUCK WITH, SO IF FOR ANY REASON THIS IS GOODBYE, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT...WELL... YOU CRAZY LUGS...
YOU TRYIN' TA TELL US SOMETHIN', BUCKAROO?

JUST GIVE ME THIRTY MINUTES...
GOOD LUCK, BUCKAROO!
AND THEN LET'S FRY THOSE BUGS!


BUCKAROO BANZAI IS APPROACHING YOYODYNE, COMMANDER!
HMMM. PERHAPS WE WON'T HAVE TO DESTROY THE EARTH AFTER ALL.
THE COUNTDOWN BEGINS FOR THE END OF THE WORLD...


MEANWHILE...
WELL, WELL, DR. BANZAI! YOU REMEMBER ME? I'M FLATTERED. WE KNOW THE SAME PEOPLE...
IN FACT, ONE OF YOUR ASSOCIATES IS HERE WITH ME... DOCTOR PENNY PRIDDY.
"DOCTOR PRIDDY--?"

MISS PRIDDY CLAIMS TO BE UNABLE TO SOLVE MY PROBLEM--
--AND PROVIDE THE CRUCIAL MISSING CIRCUIT FOR MY OVERTHRUSTER. PERHAPS YOU CAN CONVINCE HER TO TRY?

I'M NOT WORTH IT, BUCKAROO! FORGET ME!

BLACK LECTROIDS ARE ON EARTH! HERE IN NEW JERSEY! COMING TO DESTROY US! WE MUST ESCAPE OR DIE!
WE MUST COMPLETE MY GREAT ESCAPE VEHICLE--

--SO WE CAN ENTER THE EIGHTH DIMENSION-- FREE OUR TRAPPED COMRADES--AND RETURN TO OUR HOMEWORLD TO SEIZE POWER ONCE AGAIN!
TO DO THAT, WE NEED YOUR DEVICE, DR. BANZAI! WHERE IS YOUR OVERTHRUSTER?!

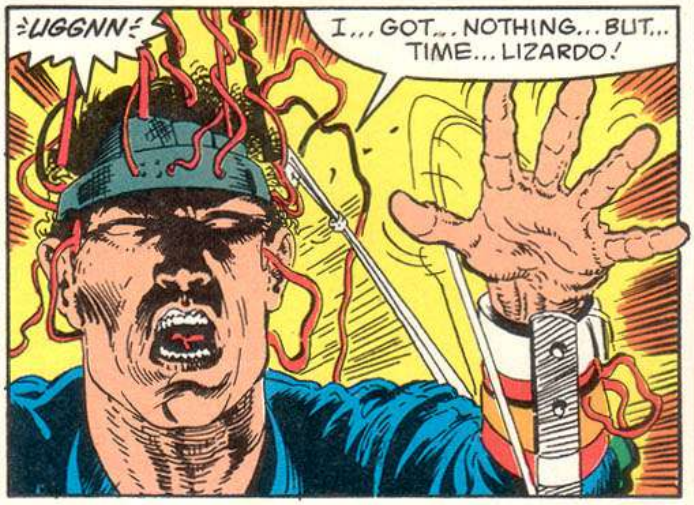
I THOUGHT YOU HAD IT ≥UFF!≤
ENOUGH! TAKE HIM TO THE SHOCK TOWER!

MOMENTS LATER...

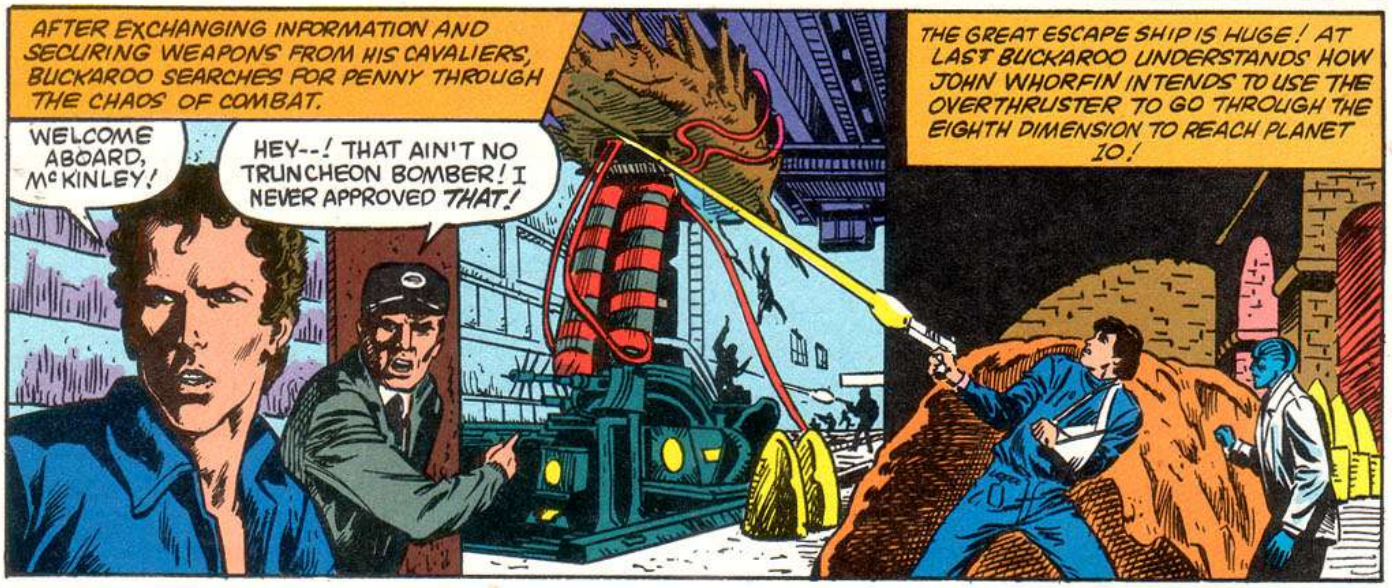
THIS SHOCK TOWER IS LIKE A LETHAL LIE-DETECTOR, DR. BANZAI! ANY UNTRUTH TRIGGERS A BRUTAL CHARGE TO YOUR AUDITORY MEATUS...

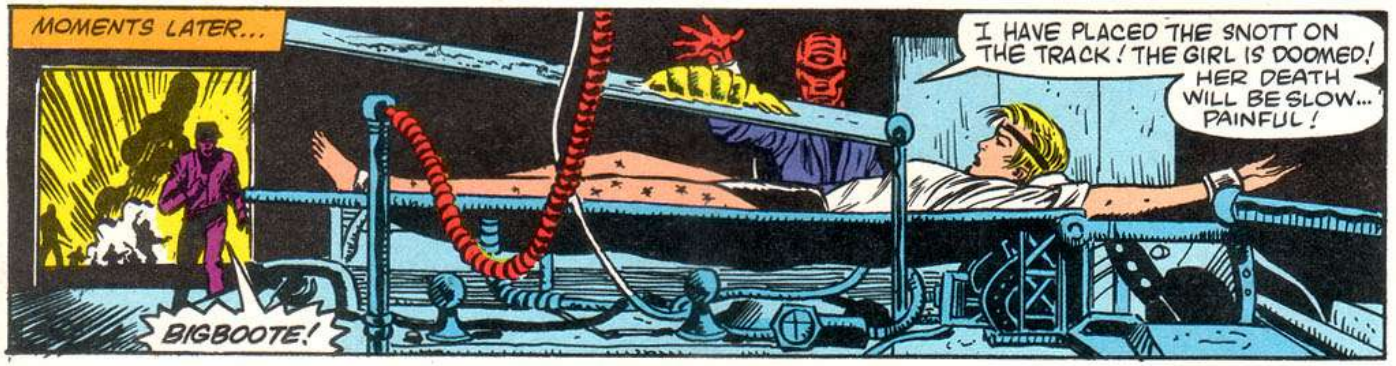
YOU'RE NOT GETTING A THING OUTTA ME UNTIL I KNOW PENNY'S SAFE!

CURSE YOU, BANZAI! THE BLACK LECTROIDS ARE ABOUT TO DESTROY YOUR PLANET, AND YOU'RE WASTING TIME--!



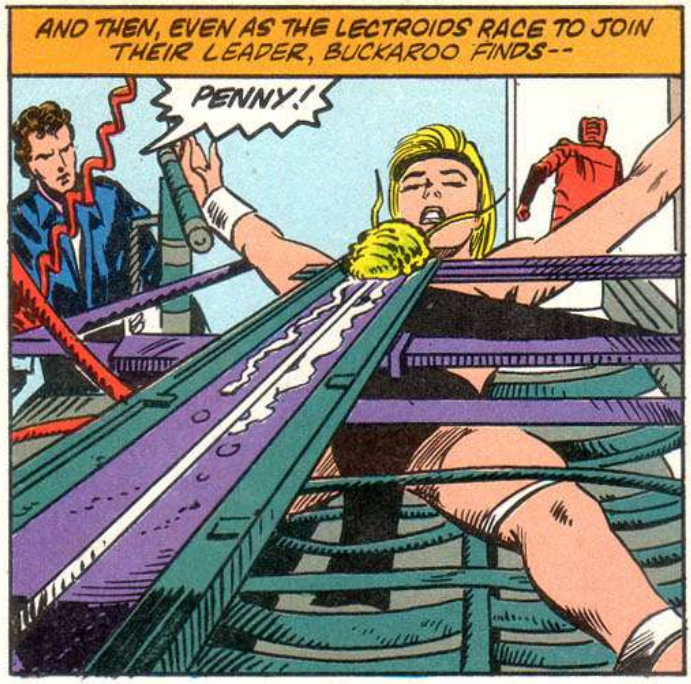
JOHN BIGBOOTE, CAN YOU HEAR ME--?
WE'RE UNDER ASSAULT!
KILL THE GIRL!
AND THEN, MEET ME IN THE ESCAPE SHIP!
BUT THE COORDINATED ATTACK BY THE HONG KONG CAVALIERS CUTS YOYODYNE'S POWER. BUCKAROO, FEELING A FAILURE IN THE SHOCK TOWER'S FIELD, BREAKS FREE!


AFTER EXCHANGING INFORMATION AND SECURING WEAPONS FROM HIS CAVALIERS, BUCKAROO SEARCHES FOR PENNY THROUGH THE CHAOS OF COMBAT.
WELCOME ABOARD, McKINLEY!
HEY--! THAT AIN'T NO TRUNCHEON BOMBER! I NEVER APPROVED THAT!
THE GREAT ESCAPE SHIP IS HUGE! AT LAST BUCKAROO UNDERSTANDS HOW JOHN WHORFIN INTENDS TO USE THE OVERTHRUSTER TO GO THROUGH THE EIGHTH DIMENSION TO REACH PLANET 10!


MOMENTS LATER...
I HAVE PLACED THE SNOTT ON THE TRACK! THE GIRL IS DOOMED! HER DEATH WILL BE SLOW... PAINFUL!
BIGBOOTE!

WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON HERE, BIGBOOTE? WHERE'S MY BOMBER?
AND, JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE--WHERE'S YOUR PRIDE, MAN? IT'S LIKE A PIGSTY DOWN HERE!

IT'S NOT MY LOUSY PLANET! UNDERSTAND, MONKEY BOY?!
≋UNNH≋
FWAK

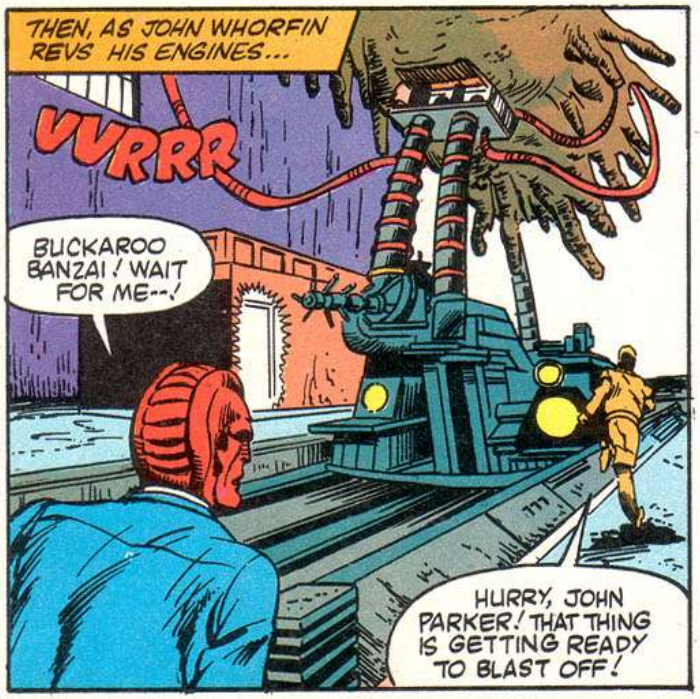

AND THEN, EVEN AS THE LECTROIDS RACE TO JOIN THEIR LEADER, BUCKAROO FINDS--
PENNY!

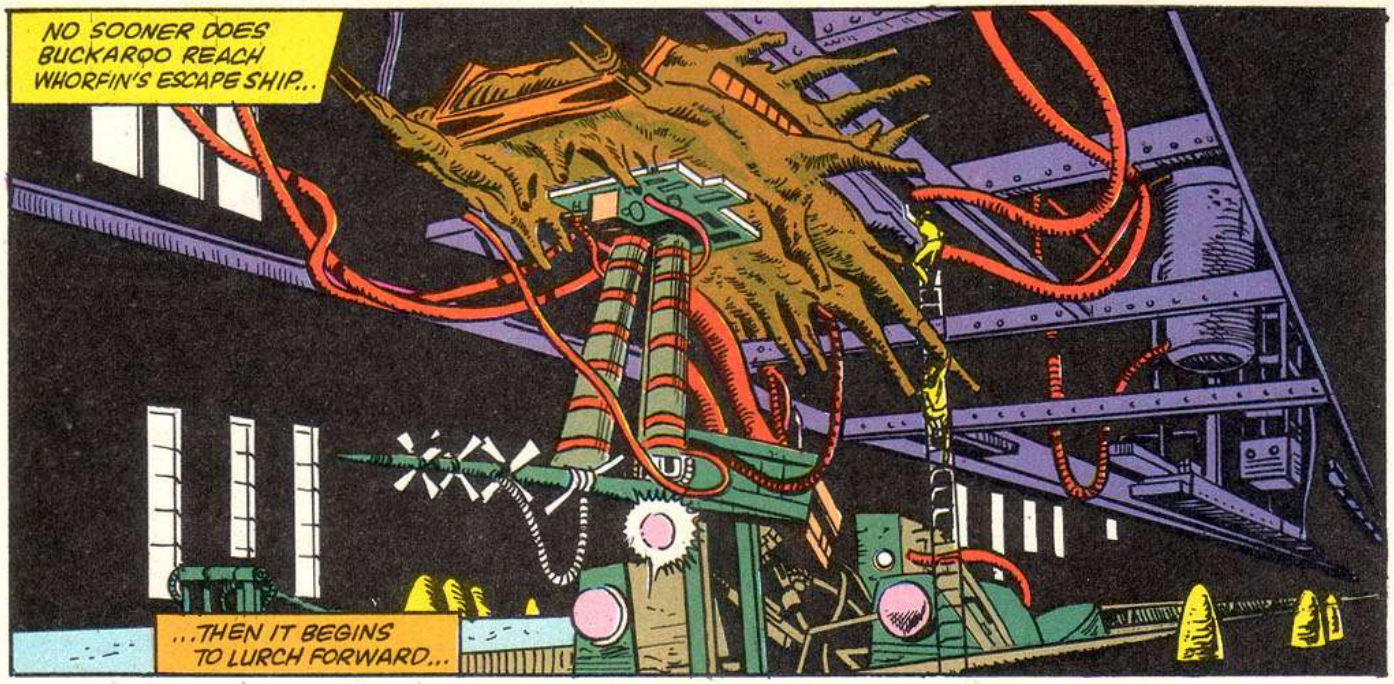
DON'T TOUCH THAT THING, BUCKAROO!

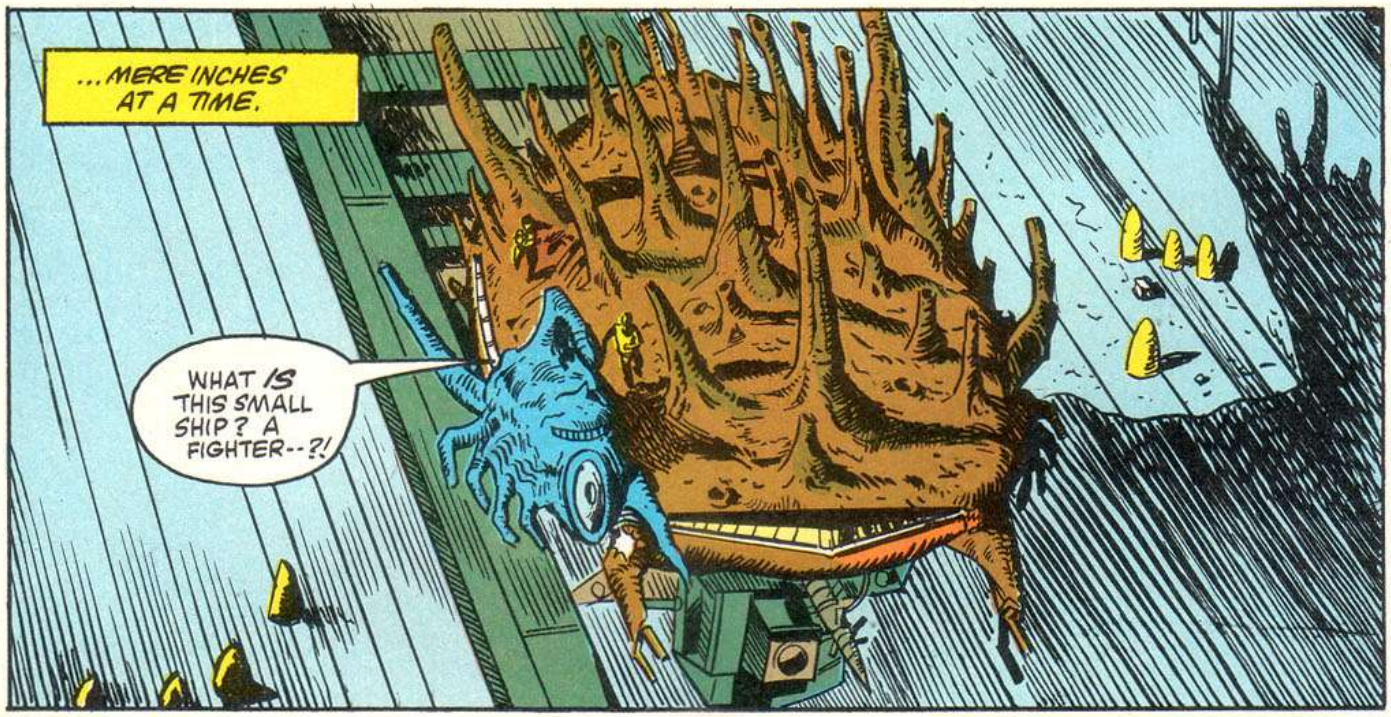
LEAVE PENNY TO ME! YOU TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS!
THANKS!
EEEE

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD WHORFIN'S ESCAPE SHIP...
WHY ARE WE FLEEING, LORD WHORFIN? THEY'RE ONLY MONKEY BOYS! WE CAN CRUSH THEM HERE!
WE MUST FIGHT! WITHOUT THE OVERTHRUSTER, WE CANNOT ESCAPE!
YOU HEARD MY ORDERS!

OVERTHRUSTER ARMED!
YOUR HOME-MADE OVERTHRUSTER? IT WON'T WORK! IT WON'T!
SHUT UP, YOU COWARD! IT'S MY OWN DESIGN!

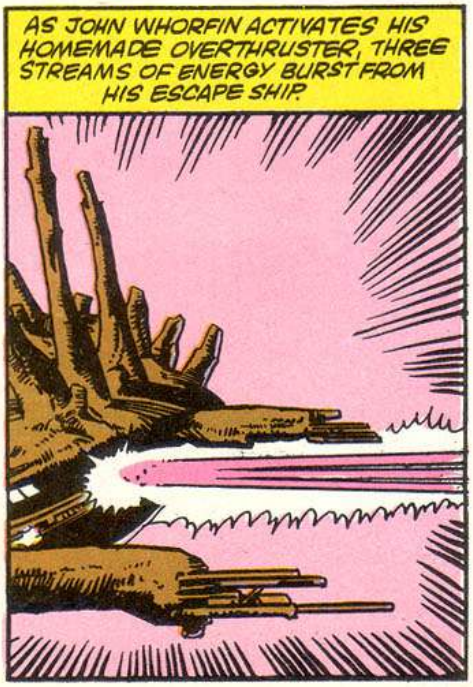

THEN, AS JOHN WHORFIN REVS HIS ENGINES...
VVRRR
BUCKAROO BANZAI! WAIT FOR ME--!
HURRY, JOHN PARKER! THAT THING IS GETTING READY TO BLAST OFF!

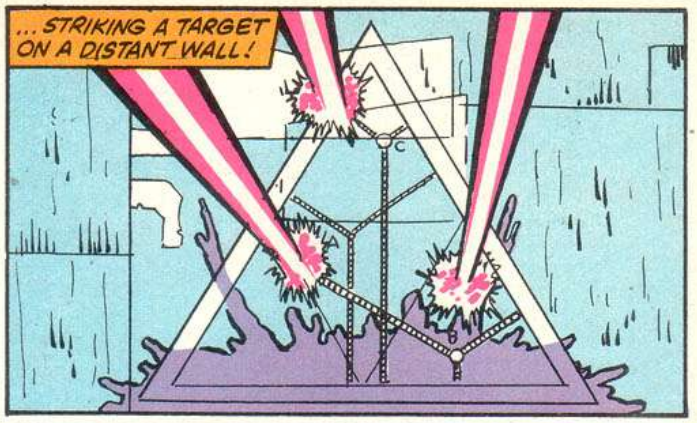

NO SOONER DOES BUCKAROO REACH WHORFIN'S ESCAPE SHIP...
...THEN IT BEGINS TO LURCH FORWARD...


...MERE INCHES AT A TIME.
WHAT IS THIS SMALL SHIP? A FIGHTER--?!

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, BUCKAROO LEAPS ABOARD THE SMALL CRAFT...
DON'T LOOK AT ME, BUCKAROO! I FAILED FLIGHT SCHOOL!

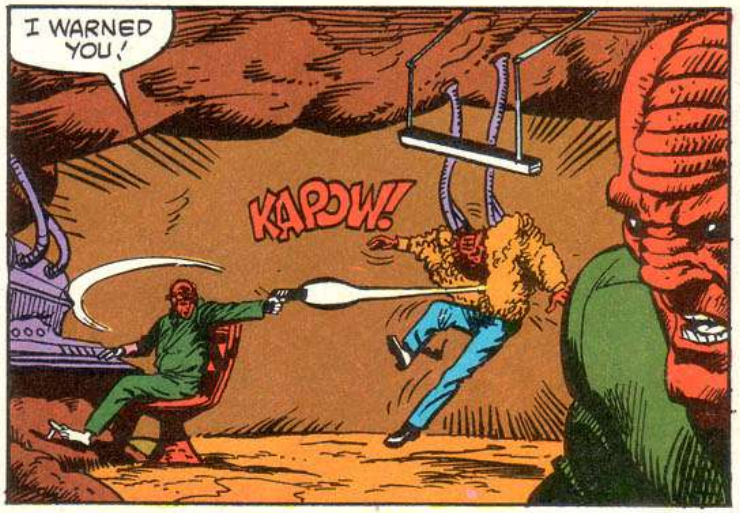
MY OVERTHRUSTER IS IN PLACE!
IT WON'T WORK! IT WON'T!
SHUT UP, JOHN BIGBOOTE! YOU BIG COWARD!

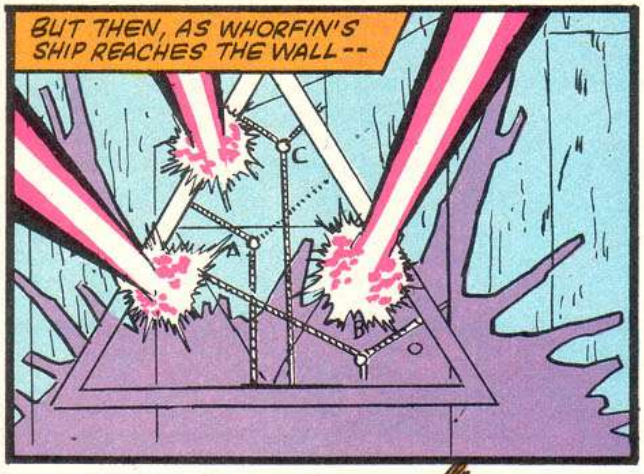

AS JOHN WHORFIN ACTIVATES HIS HOMEMADE OVERTHRUSTER, THREE STREAMS OF ENERGY BURST FROM HIS ESCAPE SHIP.


...STRIKING A TARGET ON A DISTANT WALL!

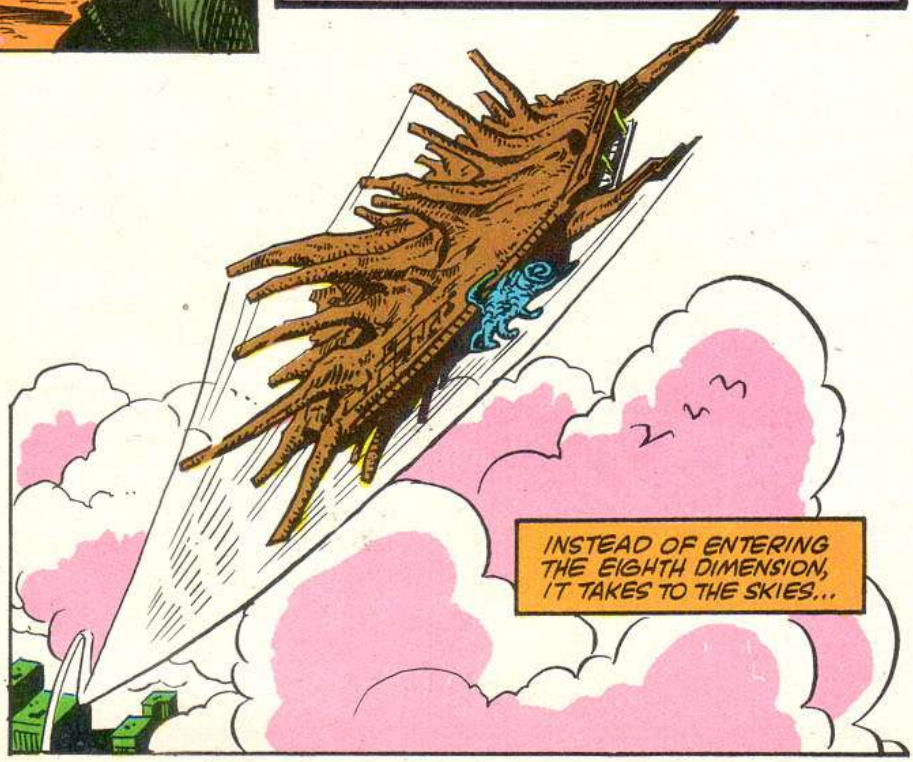
THEY HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH POWER! THEY'LL NEVER PENETRATE THE WALL UNLESS THOSE BEAMS LINE UP!

WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE! YOUR OVERTHRUSTER'S GOOD FOR NOTHING!
ONE MORE WORD OUT OF YOU, BIGBOOTE...
BUT...

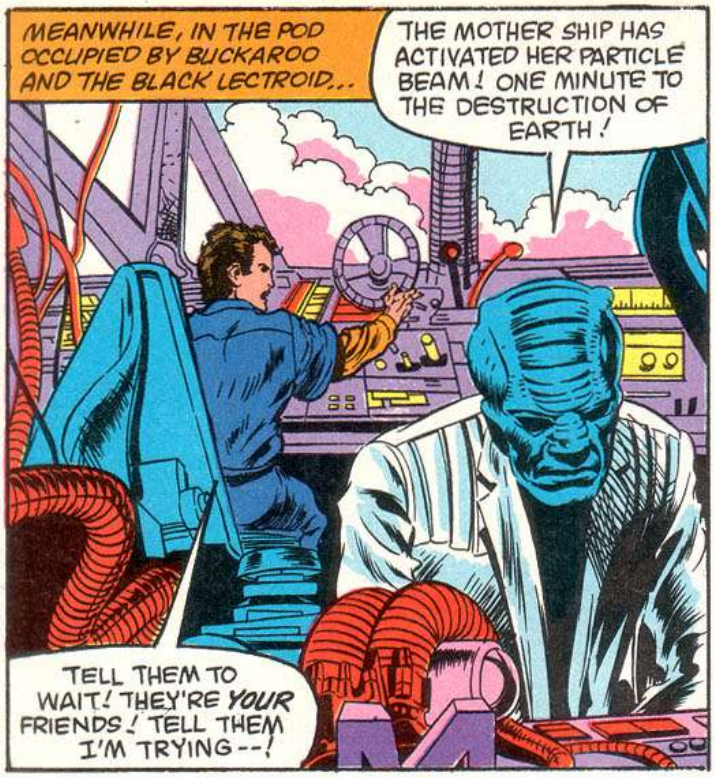

I WARNED YOU!
KAPOW!

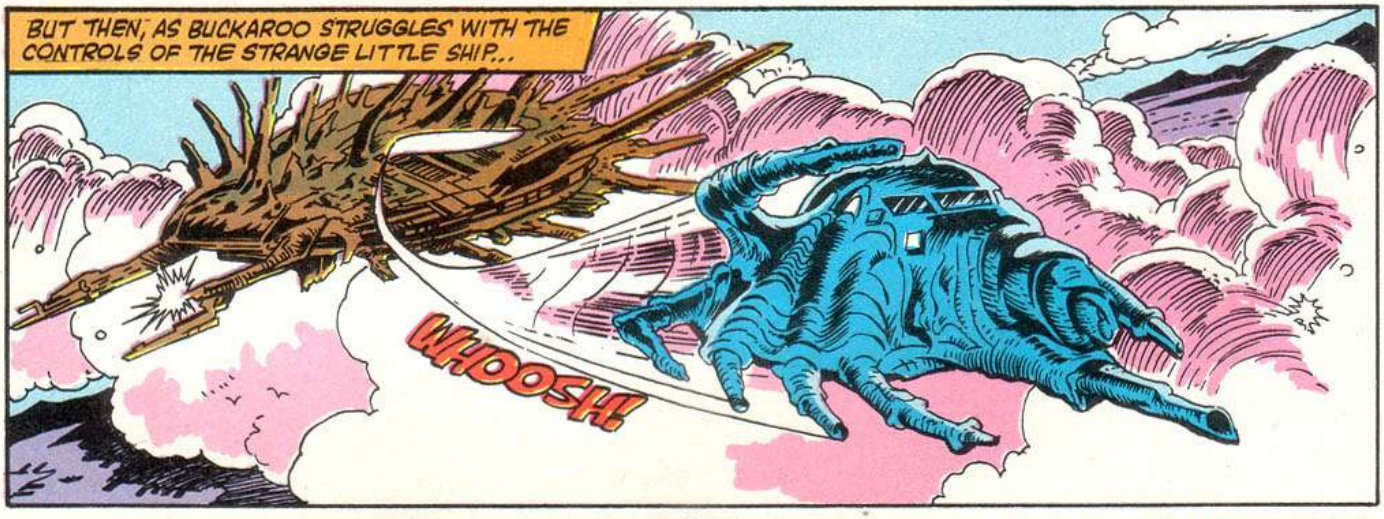

BUT THEN, AS WHORFIN'S SHIP REACHES THE WALL--

--IT FAILS TO PENETRATE!


INSTEAD OF ENTERING THE EIGHTH DIMENSION, IT TAKES TO THE SKIES...

BANZAI HAS FAILED! WHORFIN'S SHIP IS AIRBORNE!
BUT NOT IN THE EIGHTH DIMENSION! STILL, WE HAVE OUR ORDERS... ACTIVATE THE PARTICLE BEAM!


MEANWHILE, IN THE POD OCCUPIED BY BUCKAROO AND THE BLACK LECTROID...
THE MOTHER SHIP HAS ACTIVATED HER PARTICLE BEAM! ONE MINUTE TO THE DESTRUCTION OF EARTH!
TELL THEM TO WAIT! THEY'RE YOUR FRIENDS! TELL THEM I'M TRYING--!


BUT THEN, AS BUCKAROO STRUGGLES WITH THE CONTROLS OF THE STRANGE LITTLE SHIP...
WHOOSH!

SIR, A THERMOPOD HAS PEELED OFF OF WHORFIN'S SHIP!
SO WHAT? BIG DEAL! PREPARE TO INCINERATE EARTH!

JOHN PARKER, DOES THIS THING HAVE GUNS?
BOY, I SURE HOPE SO, BUCKAROO BANZAI!

IT DOES, AND AS BUCKAROO FINDS THEM...
BWOOM!
THEN, IT'S A BARREL ROLLING DOGFIGHT HIGH ABOVE NEW JERSEY AS BUCKAROO BANZAI FINDS THE CONTROL STICK AND SENDS HIS TINY THERMOPOD FIGHTER RIGHT AT JOHN WHORFIN'S GIANT ESCAPE SHIP.
BATTLE STATIONS! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
BWOOM!
TAKE THE THROTTLE, JOHN PARKER! THIS IS IT--!
BUCKAROO BANZAI... I'LL SEE YOU DEAD!
RISKING ALL, THE TINY THERMOPOD MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO WHORFIN'S ESCAPE SHIP...
AND THEN...
BLAM
JOHN WHORFIN IS DESTROYED! DEACTIVATE THE PARTICLE BEAM!
BUT WHERE IS--

"-- BUCKAROO BANZAI ?!"
GOODBYE, JOHN PARKER!
GIVE MY BEST TO PLANET 10!
EARTH IS SAVED.

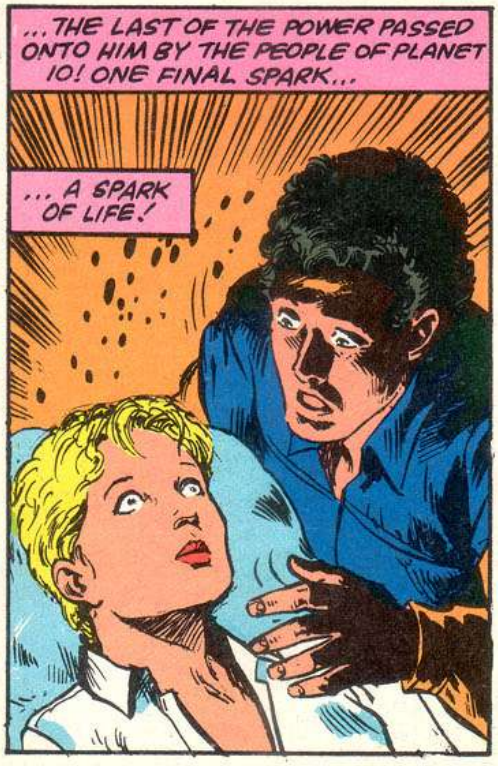
MOMENTS LATER, AS BUCKAROO RETURNS TO YOYODYNE...
SCOOTER FOUND YOUR OVER-THRUSTER! IT WAS IN PENNY'S PURSE ALL THIS TIME!
THE PRESIDENT'S ON LINE ONE! WANTS TO KNOW IF EVERY-THING'S ALL RIGHT WITH PLANET 10, OR SHOULD HE DESTROY RUSSIA?
TELL HIM YES ON "ONE" AND NO ON "TWO"!
WHICH WAS "YES"? DESTROY RUSSIA?

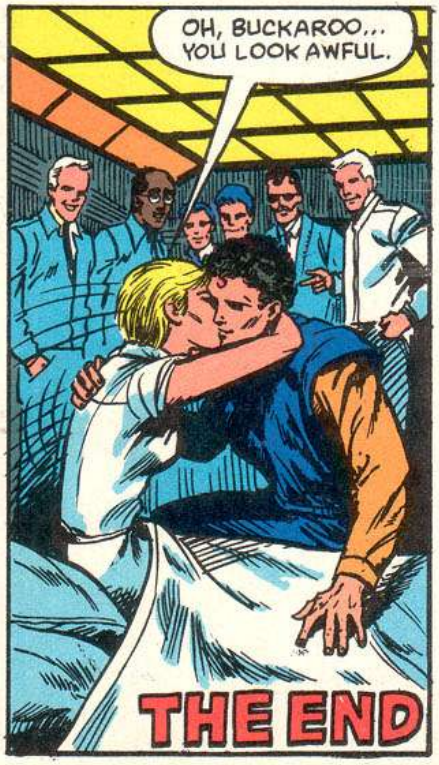
BUT, BUCKAROO DOESN'T TAKE THE TIME TO ANSWER! INSTEAD, HE RACES INTO WORLDWATCH ONE...
PENNY!
I DID ALL I COULD, I DID MY BEST.
I'M SORRY...

PENNY...
OPEN YOUR EYES! LOOK AT ME!
AS BUCKAROO BENDS FOR ONE FINAL KISS...

KLIK!

...A BURST OF ENERGY LEAPS BETWEEN HIS LIPS AND PENNY...


...THE LAST OF THE POWER PASSED ONTO HIM BY THE PEOPLE OF PLANET 10! ONE FINAL SPARK...
... A SPARK OF LIFE!

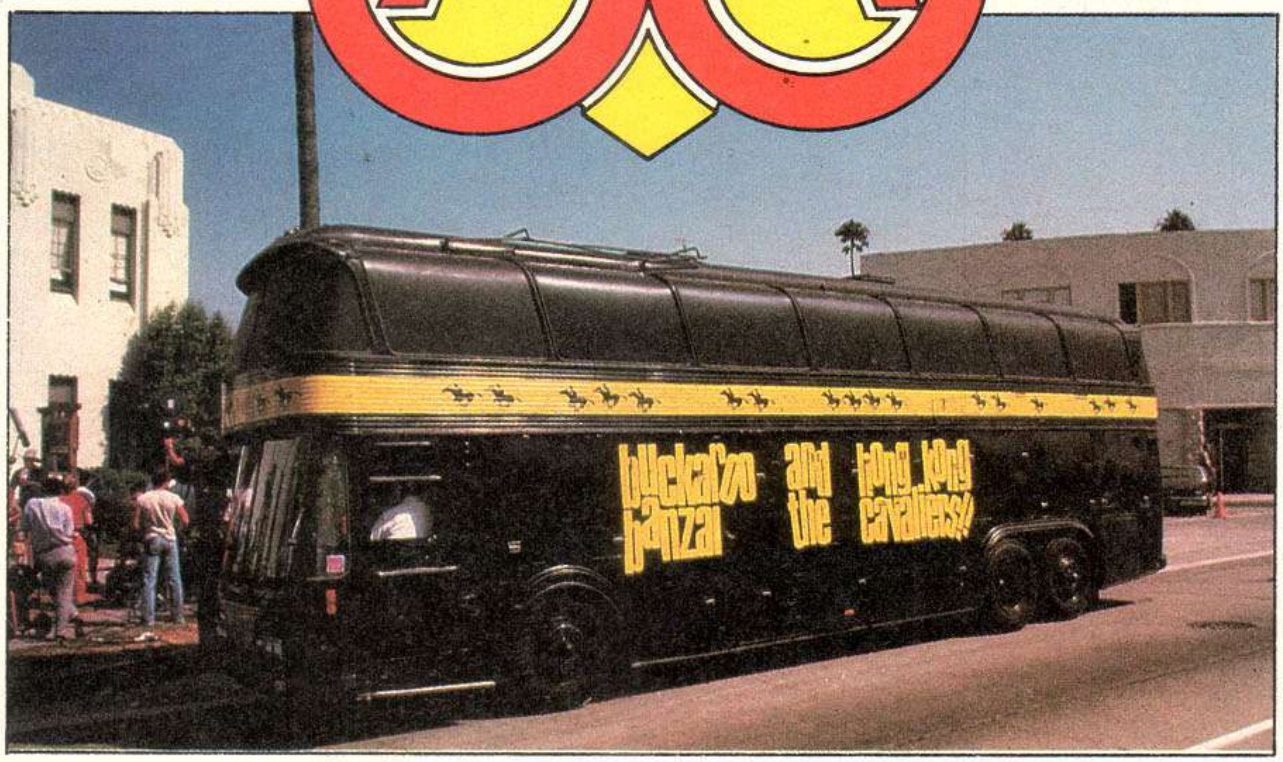

OH, BUCKAROO... YOU LOOK AWFUL.
THE END

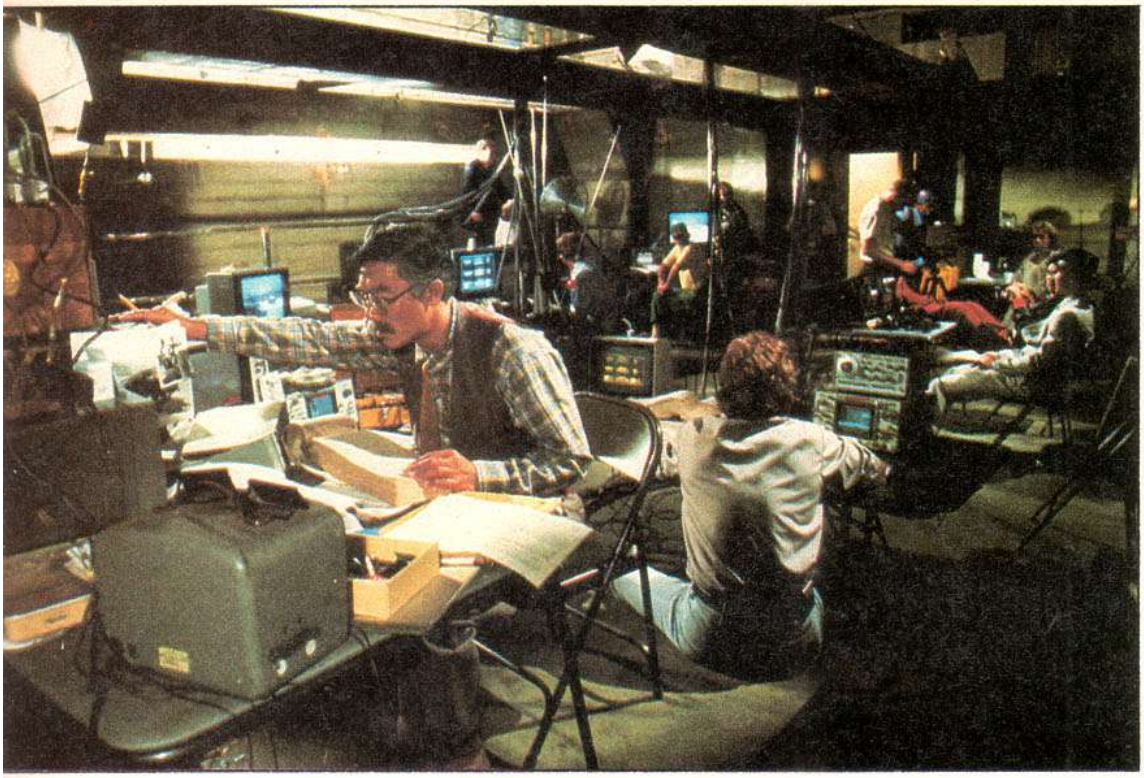
AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DIRECTOR OF

BUCKAROO BANZAI

W.D. RICHTER

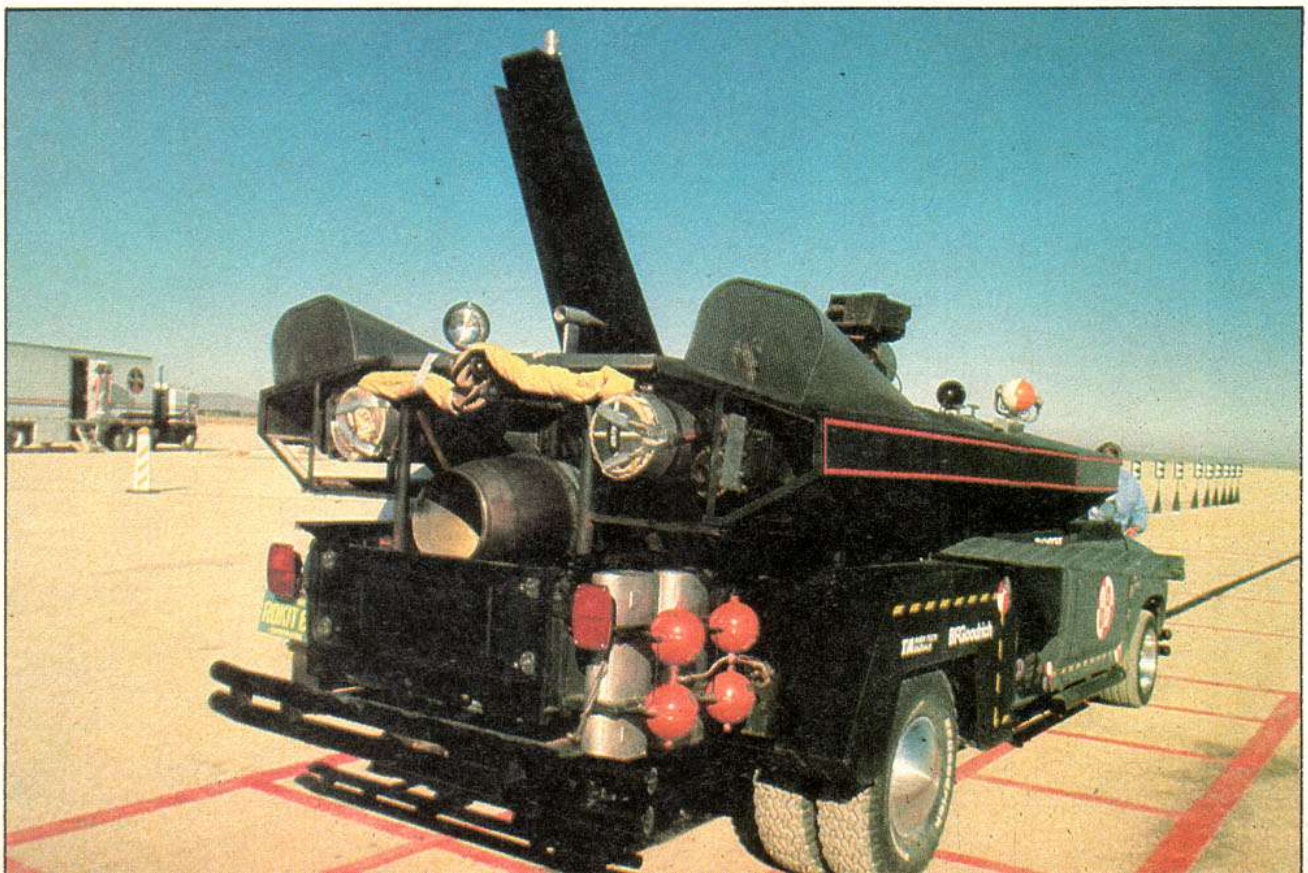
by JAMES BURNS





The interior of the blockhouse, Professor Hikita anxiously analyzes telemetric information from the Jet Car.

Buckaroo Banzai's pioneering wheeled vehicle, the land sound barrier-breaking Jet Car.



After Doctor Zwibel (left) suffers from a moment of indecision during a still experimental surgical technique, Doctor Banzai is called in and leads the medical team through a critical point of the neurosurgical procedure.

At the Blockhouse, Senator Cunningham confers with the President on the status of the Jet Car test. General Catburd and Secretary of Defense McKinley look on.

–"Don't short-sell your own world," advises W.D. Richter, the director/producer of *Buckaroo Banzai*. "Moviegoers *don't* have to flee from reality in order to be entertained. Our film speculates that there are things right around us that are as weird and exciting as *anything* you might find in another galaxy."

Buckaroo Banzai, created and written by Earl Mac Rauch, promises to be one of the strangest amalgams of science fiction and heroic adventure ever attempted. To enable audiences to be drawn into that saga, Richter figured that they'd have to believe that its events, despite their oddness, could actually happen (a key to the dramatic success of *any* kind of fantasy endeavor). Resultingly, the director surmised that *Buckaroo Banzai*'s production design would be crucial. To help lend the film credence, Richter wanted *Buckaroo Banzai*'s milieu to be as realistic as its wild plot would allow.

"Since the real world appears ramshackle — because people constantly repair whatever's around them — the film has a purposely unpolished look," Richter says, "That reaffirms the idea behind Buckaroo's character: he's a man who puts things together from odd places, using all the different disciplines that he's dabbling in. The Jet Car, for example, looks like it was built by someone with a good idea, rather than a million dollars: you can see its welds and paint chips. Buckaroo's approach is simple: Take a tool meant for his Jet Car, and figure out a way to use it in neuro-surgery.

"Lizardo and his colleagues have also reshaped their portion of our world," continues Richter, "but while trying to remain inconspicuous. What the aliens *think* wouldn't be noticeable to 'regular earthlings', however, is some of the bizarrest stuff imaginable. We tried to infuse the Lectroids' scenes with a sense of culture, to forge a mythical civilization."

Aiding Richter's fabrication of *Buckaroo Banzai* was production designer Michael Riva, whose previous experience included *Bad Boys*, *Brubaker*, and *Ordinary People*.

"To achieve an environment that would not only appear fantastic, but have a basis in reality," Richter comments, "Mike did a lot of research in medicine, physics, electromagnetism, mathematics . . . He really enjoyed remaking a messy world. Mike has a great dramatic sense,

and incredible powers of observation, which — in addition to wonderfully realizing the script — actually inspired Earl Mac Rauch to devise even more unusual concepts."

One of the productions's toughest tasks was deciding how the Lectroids would be physically rendered.

"At the least, we wanted to make sure that they weren't just guys in jumpsuits from outer space," says Richter. "The Lectroids' clothing, while disguised as humans, is actually a bit more normal than their surroundings, since they've had to blend in with society. John Parker and the 'good' Lectroids have a warrior-like demeanor, but in an elegant, not fierce, fashion. Part of their costumes were derived from African tribal markings. Michael consulted Russian histories for the Lectroids at Yoyodyne, to give them a baggy-suited, Moscow bureaucrat sort of image. Our goal was to have the Lectroids' 'everyday' appearance reinforce the film's intended aura of reality. You've *seen* people like John Bigbooté on line at the bank, or getting the tires on their cars changed. Maybe *they're* Lectroids too . . .

"We based the Lectroids' *alien* form," Richter adds, "on a Canadian anthropologist's extrapolation of what the dinosaurs may have evolved into, had they survived. We modified the scientist's concept, because doing it fully would have required prosthetics that immobilized the performers wearing them. The outfits we wound up with are scarey-looking, but the Lectroids *aren't* purely fright figures; they should also amuse you. In many ways, *Buckaroo Banzai* is a funny film."

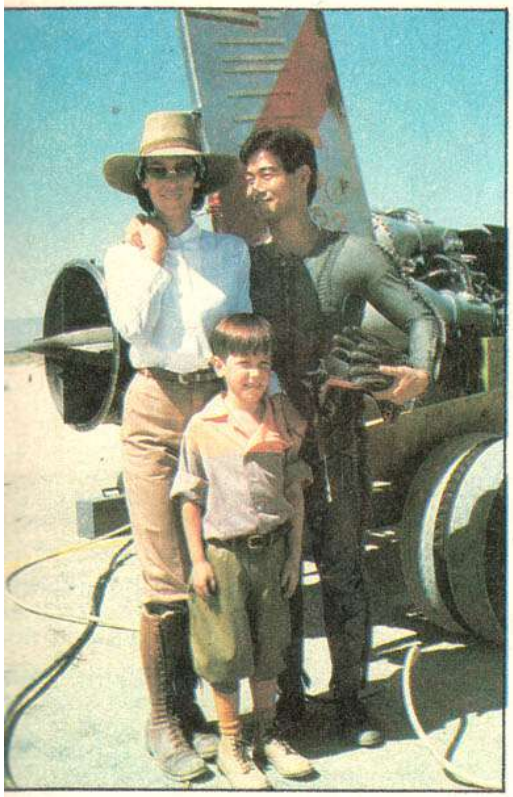
The actors who star as the Lectroids in their human mode also portray the creatures' true, reptilian selves. To create the Lectroids' alien visages, the film employed latex appliances ("about twelve separate pieces" per alien). According to Richter, each actor's makeup was unique, having been built up over casts taken of their faces.

"Using the appliances was far better than the option of having the actors wear anonymous, pullover masks," the director says. "Although the masks would have been far less time-consuming, the makeup allowed personality to show through."

Further adherence to Richter's overall scheme included shooting 90% of the film on location, in such seemingly unlikely places as a gutted Firestone Tire

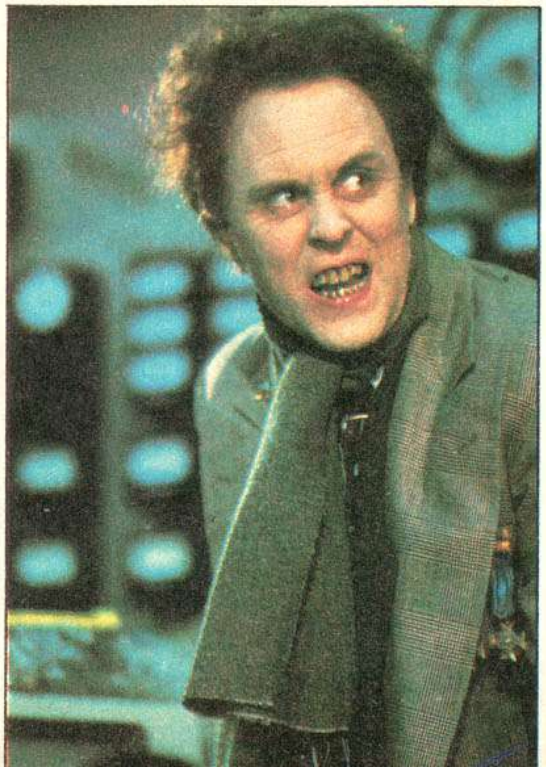
1950: The 'cold war' prototype of the modern Jet Car. Young Buckaroo assists his father.

1938: A pastoral scene of gentlemen scientists raising a glass in salute to the mysteries about to be unraveled. In attendance at the site of the gravity catapult experiment, are Sir Alan Motley, Doctor Emilio Lizardo and Professor Toichi Hikita.



A snapshot from the 50's, Doctor Sandra Banzai, Doctor Masada Banzai and their son, Buckaroo.

The thoroughly insane John Whorfin, still known to the world at large as Dr. Lizardo.



and Rubber factory, Armco Steel, warehouses, and an operating facility of the Department of Water and Power.

"I needed something on film that would be startlingly different," Richter says. "The locations were terrific: basements dripping with grease, huge chambers with generators in them, strange pipes hanging down from the ceilings . . . Another advantage to shooting on location was that since we had a relatively small budget for this kind of film (roughly $12 million), we were enabled to make a little look like a lot. I hope that *Buckaroo Banzai*'s audience *will know* that they aren't merely watching sets. It could make them think, 'Wow, this story *could really* be happening someplace.' "

To lens the Lectroids' 8th Dimension, "an organic universe," Richter tapped another "location," but one never before available to filmmakers. "If you've seen a photo of a cell taken by an electron microscope," Richter says, "you'll have an idea of what we've featured. What's new is that Green Light, a small special effects house, found a way to — photographically — *move through* a cell, by using a motion control system (the type of device ordinarily used to film miniatures in standard special effects situations, like a battle in outer space). Once you're within a cell — be it of bacteria-rotted cheese or even a piece of paper — it looks amazing."

Most of *Buckaroo Banzai*'s shooting plans were hatched during a three-month preproduction phase. Joining Michael Riva on Richter's staff were such other behind-the-scenes luminaries as visual effects supervisor Michael Fink (*War Games*, *One From the Heart*), cinematographer Fred Koenekamp (an Academy Award-winner for *The Towering Inferno*), costume designer Agnes Rodgers (*Return of the Jedi*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*), and set decorator Linda Descenna (an Oscar nominee for *Blade Runner* and *Star Trek — The Motion Picture*). *Buckaroo Banzai* also boasts the contributions of three men *previously* familiar to fantasy fans: make-up whiz Tom Burman (*Cat People*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*), miniature-model masters Greg Jein (*V*, *1941*, *Close Encounters*) and Mark Stetson (*Ghostbusters*, *Star Trek — TMP*).

"Virtually every aspect of *Buckaroo Banzai* was open to influence from whomever on the movie had a good idea," Richter reveals. "Delegating authority — always a secret to good

directing — was especially important on this picture, because we only had twelve weeks in which to shoot it. I had to trust the technical people to do their work properly, because once on the set, all I had time for was handling the film's performances and action. Anything else on my part — like making sure that a light was twice as bright for some obscure reason — would have been self-indulgent.

"I originally thought of the crew we hired," Richter details, "by consulting lists I'd made through the past several years of people whom I'd one day like to work with. They, in turn, put me on to other talented production personnel. The final group — or 'Team Banzai' as we called ourselves — did a great job, and were incredibly happy not to be suffering through the average movie experience. There was a marvelous conspiracy to make something truly unusual."

Prior to *Buckaroo Banzai*, Richter had served in the film industry for over a decade, as a screenwriter. His involvement with this project, however, can be traced back to before he was even *interested* in a movie career.

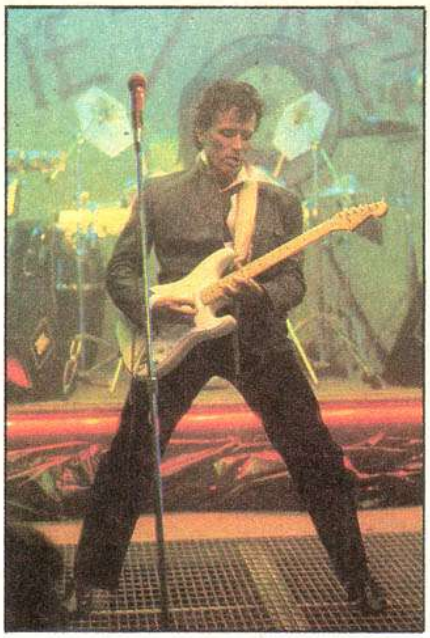
During the late '60s, Richter gained a degree in literature from Dartmouth College, and upon graduation traveled across the country with his wife Susan to attend the University of Southern California's film school. Soon after completing USC's courses, Richter began getting work, including 1973's *Slither* (his first original screenplay to see production).

A year later, Richter and his wife read a review of *Dirty Pictures From the Prom*, a debut novel by another Dartmouth grad, in their alumni association's newsletter. Richter bought the book, liked it, and decided to send its creator a fan letter.

Dirty Pictures From the Prom's author was *Earl Mac Rauch*.

Richter recalls, "I wrote, 'I think you're a terrific writer. If you're not happy doing what you're doing, maybe you'd like to come to Hollywood and try movies, because there really aren't that many good writers out here.' It turned out that, after Dartmouth, Mac had dropped out of law school, and was selling finance contracts for mobile homes in Texas. He took me up on my offer."

At one of Rauch's first dinners with the Richters, "He told us about *Buckaroo Banzai*. Even though Mac's plot and characters were just in a beginning, sketchy phase, Susan and I were



Buckaroo Banzai, lead guitarist of . . .

. . . the Hong Kong Cavalie laying down some hot rock 'n r at Artie's Arte

A morose Penny Priddy takes in the music, but cannot enjoy it.

The Studio / Computer Room of the Banzai Institute.

John Whorfin receiving a piece of bad news.

An ignominous crash landing in New Jersey: an alien thermopod is shot down by duck hunters.

Aboard the alien spacecraft, orbiting overhead, high commanders decide what course of action to pursue.

immediately attracted to *Buckaroo*'s irreverence, and the concept of a multi-talented hero who's always off on an unlikely adventure. We decided to subsidize a *Buckaroo Banzai* screenplay. I didn't know if I would direct it back then, though. I wasn't sure of *what* the project's future would be anyway. As strange as *Buckaroo Banzai* may seem today, ten years ago, it would have been impossible to explain to a studio how it could be successfully shot and marketed. I realized that funding Mac might just be an exercise in buying a very expensive story that I wanted to read, but my other, perhaps even more important impetus, was that I wanted to help him get started in the movie business."

Consequently, with the Richters' input, Rauch wrote *several Buckaroo Banzai* adventures.

"Mac would get thirty or forty pages into a script, abandon its storyline, and start a new one," Richter says. "The plots involved several different nemeses from our present film, including the infamous Hanoi Xan, Boss of the World Crime League . . . Many of the characters, like Perfect Tommy and Rawhide, weren't created until later drafts. Members of the Hong Kong Cavaliers that Mac did include, as well as other roles, were eliminated or developed differently. Buckaroo, for instance, wasn't always half-Japanese.

"Mac just thought that the film was too outrageous to *ever* be sold," Richter explains. "He never showed those partial scripts to a studio, and let his inspirations carry him wherever they led. And, though Mac is a brilliant writer, he's also a bit unorganized. If I hadn't kept copies of his various *Buckaroo* storylines, they'd have been lost."

Despite Rauch's occasional carelessness ("He once sold a car with his only copy of an original screenplay under the seat," the director notes), Richter's gambit eventually panned out. After a short while in Los Angeles, Rauch started receiving screen assignments regularly, including Martin Scorcese's *New York, New York* and, more recently, *A Stranger is Watching*.

Richter was also kept busy, penning such movies as Phillip Kaufman's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* remake, *Dracula* (the Frank Langella version), and *Brubaker* (an Oscar nomination). By 1980, his credits were strong enough to prompt Hollywood to give him a chance to direct. So that he wouldn't "soley be a

A wary Buckaroo treads softly behind the alien landing site and makes a startling discovery.

director for hire" and could cultivate his own projects, Richter formed a production company, with Neil Canton (a former assistant to Peter Bogdonavich and Walter Hill).

The first film the duo elected to pursue was *Buckaroo Banzai*. They asked Rauch to write a treatment — a synopsis of a screenplay — since he still hadn't thoroughly concluded a *Buckaroo* adventure. The premise would then be used by Canton and Richter to "shop the project around," in hopes of securing backing.

"The synopsis Mac came up with," Richter discloses, "*wasn't* selected from the scripts he had already written. Lizardo and the other aliens appeared *as* Mac wrote the treatment. At that stage, the Lectroids were barely described, referred to only as something like 'red ants.' A treatment is *often* shaped merely as a film's barest kind of launching point. In fact, Mac's original title for the story was *Lepers From Saturn . . .*"

When Rauch finished the treatment, Canton approached veteran producer Sidney Beckerman, for whom he had once worked as a vice-president of production. Beckerman (who would become *Buckaroo*'s executive producer), offered to arrange a meeting for Canton and Richter with David Begelman, then head of MGM. The studio ultimately agreed to finance the picture's "development" — namely, the creation of a screenplay. Although the script would have to be based on the treatment, Rauch's earlier ideas eventually proved to be equally invaluable.

"Much of the film's detailed character histories emanate from those other, unfinished screenplays," Richter relates. "I mean, at one point, the story of how Buckaroo met and married *Peggy* Priddy, who was then murdered by Hanoi Xan, was the framework for the *entire* movie. Almost all of Mac's initial drafts were drawn on, giving us a wonderful web of background material."

Shortly after Begelman gave *Buckaroo* a go-ahead, he left MGM, and the studio subsequently dropped it from their roster. The project remained in limbo, until Begelman again bought it, this time as head of Sherwood Productions, an independent firm. When Sherwood enlisted Twentieth Century Fox to distribute the film, Richter was given a firm start date — after over eight years of preparation — for the shooting of *Buckaroo Banzai*.

The ill-fated conference that was to be a turning point in mankind's science.

While New Jersey (the former Dr. Zwibel) renders aid to a fallen comrade, Penny cries out bitterly against moral turpitude.

The evil alien elite: John O'Conner, John Whorfin and John Bigbooté.

Once production commenced, Richter had to ensure that his directorial style would adequately translate Rauch's carefully crafted tale to celluloid. One element of *Buckaroo Banzai* that threatened to take the edge off the film's excitement was its aforementioned humor. If audiences perceived the movie as a comedy, it would be difficult for them to take *Buckaroo*'s "dangerous situations" seriously, thereby eliminating much of the picture's suspense potential.

"I think that *Buckaroo* is an adventure *laced* with humor," Richter opines. "At the same time, though, there's probably never a moment in the picture totally without some whimsical slant. We *wanted* to have humor in the film, but never allow the laughs to get silly. Once an adventure film reaches the point where it's consistently winking at the audience, it usually becomes ludicrous. To help prevent that, we went with actors who instinctively played their roles straight. That way, whatever humor was inherent in the material would be brought out naturally, *enhancing* the film's thrills."

Featured in the lineup Richter chose are John Lithgow (*Terms of Endearment*, *Twilight Zone — The Movie*) as Dr. Lizardo; Christopher Lloyd (*Star Trek III*, *Taxi*) as John Bigbooté; Jeff Goldblum (*The Right Stuff*, *The Big Chill*) as New Jersey; Ellen Barkin (*Tender Mercies*, *Diner*) as Penny Priddy; Jamie Lee Curtis (*Trading Places*, *Halloween*) in a cameo as Buckaroo's mother; and a group of Jesser known performers whom, Richter says, "are extremely talented. You haven't heard the last of them."

The picture's toughest role to cast, naturally, was that of its title character. "We needed an actor," says Richter, "who could both look heroic with grease all over his face, and project the kind of intelligence you would associate with a neurosurgeon and inventor. He also had to be able to physically, as well as mentally, act his way through a role. We looked for a Buckaroo in New York, since I figured that an actor with experience on stage or from small films would be able to *completely* interact with props."

After Richter screened numerous candidates for the part, he finally selected Peter Weller. Weller's origins as a "serious" theatre performer (the New York Shakespeare Festival's Tony Award-winning *Sticks and Bones*, *Streamers*) and his work in such films as *Shoot the Moon* and *Just Tell Me What You Want*,

Aboard World Watch One, John Parker and Buckaroo Banzai deal with a startling turn of events.

In the rear of the World Watch bus, Buckaroo struggles to maintain inner serenity by practicing the art of iaido, or the quick draw of a samurai sword.

added up to exactly what the director had been searching for.

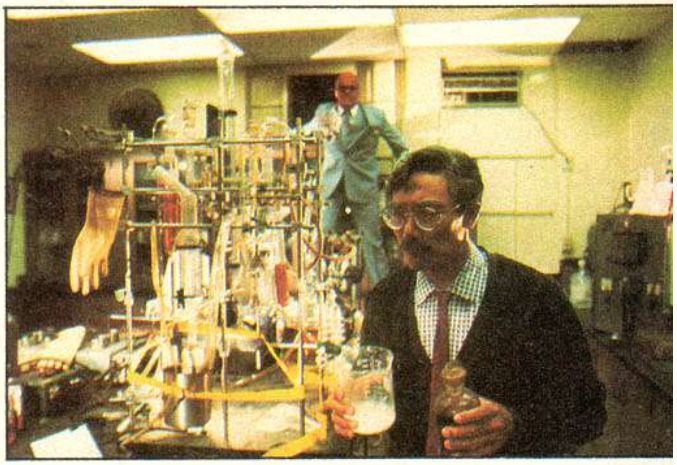
"Peter, and the rest of the cast, had a difficult job in that, to a certain extent, they were playing archetypes," Richter states. "Like the production people, they went *beyond* genre conventions and created something truly unique and engaging. With Peter, there was the bonus that he already knew how to twirl a sixgun (he had been a fast-draw artist in high school), manipulate a sword, play musical instruments, *and* sing. It would have been foolish for me to expect that the actor playing Buckaroo have those aptitudes, but it was great that we didn't have to fake them."

Despite the picture's quixotic tone, Richter claims that its fight sequences aren't stylized.

"This isn't *Billy Jack*. Buckaroo actually fights the way you or I would. If suddenly jumped by three guys, he simply does his best to get out alive. Buckaroo may not be a karate champ, but he gets the job done."

Action, of course, is only one component of *Buckaroo Banzai*. Clearly, the picture is a virtual cornucopia of themes that, Richter feels, film-fans will find fascinating. That diversity, however, could work *against* the film *as a whole*, making *Buckaroo Banzai* emerge as an indecipherable hodgepodge.

In the Institute's basement laboratory, a preoccupied Professor Hikita is stalked by an alien evil-doer.



Penny nervously steals through the underground labyrinth of the basement, on the lookout for alien intruders.

A captured Penny recoils from a gloating John Whorfin.

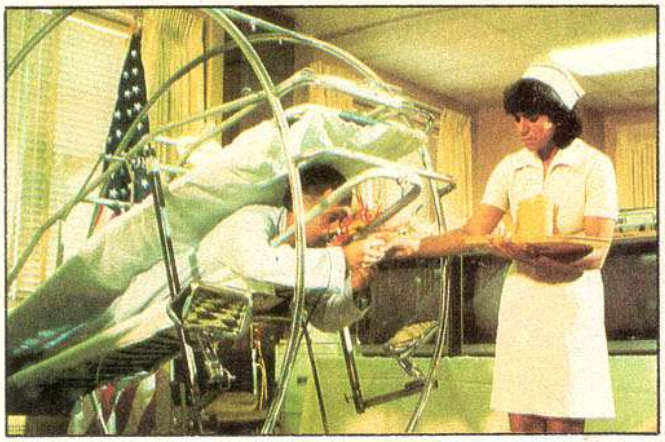
The beautiful messenger of doom, John Emdall, appears in Buckaroo's study to address the Hong Kong Cavaliers.

The lead 'point' of the rescue team: Casper Lindley, Reno, Buckaroo, and Perfect Tommy.

"We tried to avoid a general lack of clarity by zeroing in on story logic," Richter says. "Yet, a certain amount of disorder could *benefit* the picture, by further fleshing out its sense of weirdness. After all, *Buckaroo Banzai is* a movie *about* confusion. 'How can Buckaroo possibly sort out all of the problems being thrown at him?' The *real* danger is that the character's confusion could pour over to the audience. Unless they stay up to speed with the movie, viewers could really get lost: not because the story doesn't make sense, but because they haven't been able to assimilate it. For better or for worse, *Buckaroo Banzai* really comes at you full steam."

It was *Buckaroo Banzai*'s complexity that originally made Hollywood hesitant to back it. Richter readily admits that one of Fox's motivations in distributing *Buckaroo Banzai* is the possiblity it provides to duplicate a *Star Wars*-type phenomenon.

Richter confides that he wouldn't be adverse to making another *Buckaroo Banzai* movie, and perhaps even more than one, as long as the conditions surrounding its production were the same as on the present film: essentially, "the cooperation and enthusiasm of everyone" involved. He also points out, however, that "nobody would be interested" in additional *Buckaroo* films, unless the first is popular.



President Widmark, caught at an awkward moment, contemplates the end of the world as we know it.

At the heavily government-contracted Yoyodyne Facility, John Whorfin exhorts a crowd of his alien henchmen to follow him.

The mad John Whorfin.

To save Penny Priddy, Buckaroo willingly steps into the diabolical Shock Tower.

Reno dispatches a Red Lectroid.

"*If* we make any more *Buckaroos*," Richter avers, "they won't be sequels in the standard sense. They'll be new adventures, rather than merely follow-ups. You could get some good clues about what a 'next film" would entail by reading Mac's *Buckaroo Banzai* novel (available from Simon and Schuster). It's a miraculous piece of writing, that really goes into detail on the Hong Kong Cavaliers: who they are, how they originally came together, and the experiences they've had. You'd meet Johnny 'The Red' Beaumont, 'Brains' Brameyer, and discover that Pecos — who's mentioned in *this* film — is a *woman*, and that she's got something going with Reno. The *total scope* of the picture, though, would depend on what shape the world's in when we make it. Since the world will certainly be different in a couple of years, any sequel would be different from the current movie because it will reflect — even if only in some weird way — that altered society. By then, Buckaroo could be the guy with orange hair."

Richter pauses a moment, before concluding, "All of this talk about sequels and money is getting ahead of ourselves. I didn't get into films to become a millionaire. I started writing, and now directing, because *I like movies*. We tried to make a picture that would be entertaining and thought provoking. If we've succeeded in giving audiences a good time for a couple of hours, that's reward enough in itself."

Aboard John Whorfin's escape ship that was unknowingly paid for by American taxpayers, the alien elite prepare to escape the attacking Blue Blazers.

Scooter Lindley, a Blue Blazer Irregular, calmly regards the overthruster while cradling his sawed-off carbine.

Buckaroo Banzai and John Parker prepare to do battle with John Whorfin's escape ship. Hanging in the balance: the fate of the Earth.

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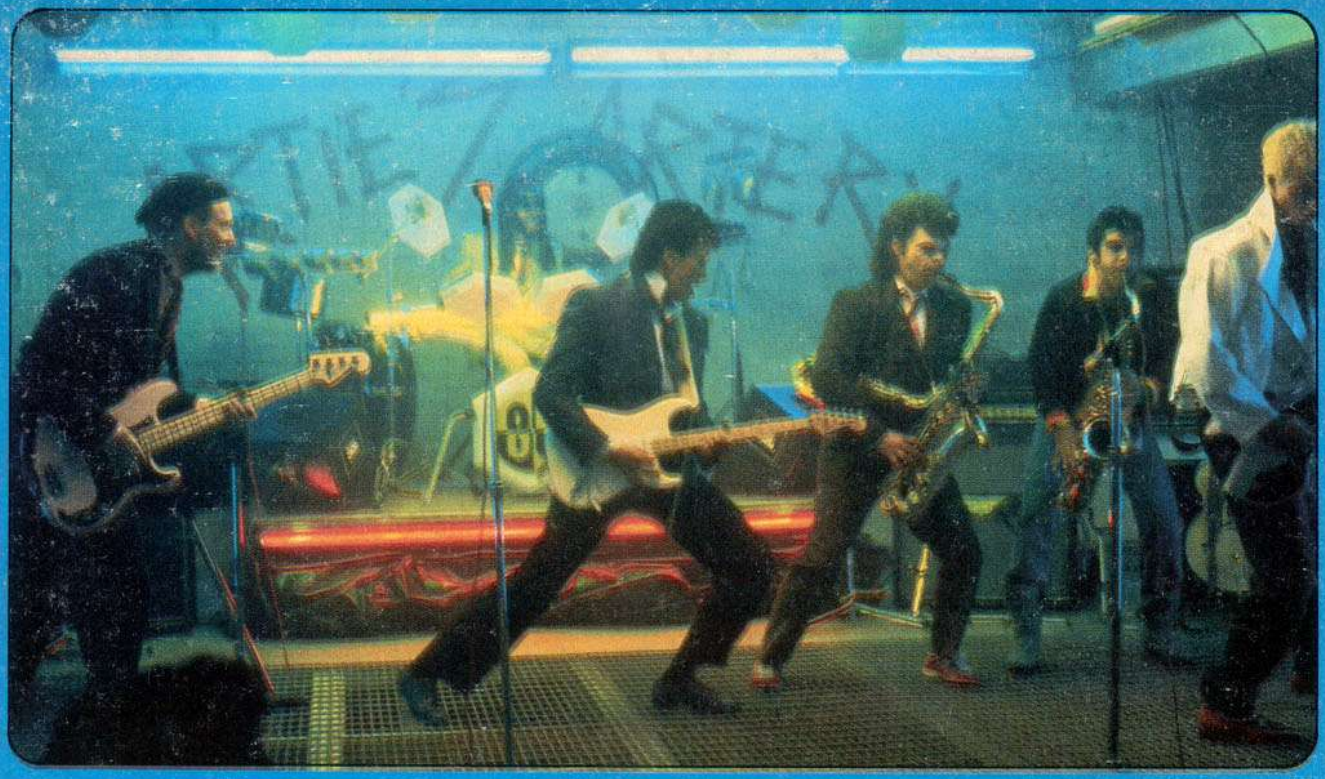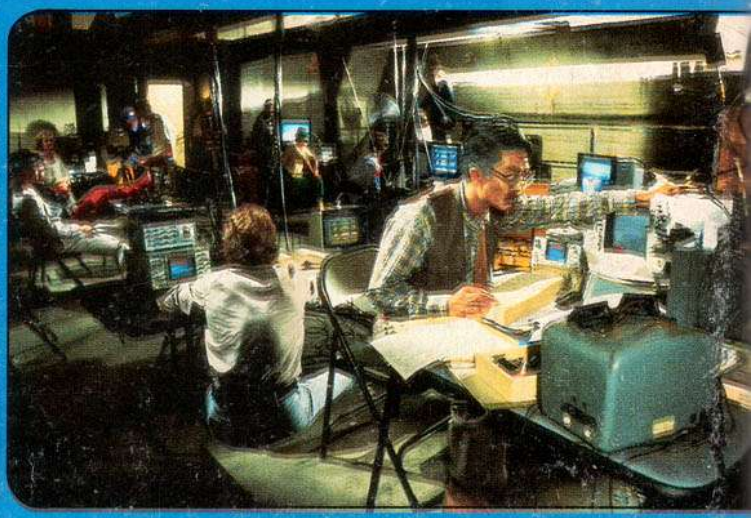
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